# SOME BEAUTY SPOTS OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

BY M.G.MOSES

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# Some Beauty Spots of the North Country

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By
M. G. Moses

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# PREFACE

THE purpose of this book is "That he who runs—or employs the twentieth century equivalent to that mode of locomotion—may read."

The chapters contain outlines of the chief features of interest in some of the "Beauty Spots of the North Country," and indicate centres from which places of interest, historical and romantic, may be visited.

Many of the descriptions have appeared already as special newspaper articles, and the writer begs to acknowledge with thanks the kind permission of the following Editors in allowing her to include them in book form: *The Newcastle Daily Journal, Weekly Chronicle, North Mail, Sunderland Echo, Cumberland and Westmorland Herald, Auckland Chronicle and County Advertiser, Whitby Herald* and the *Berwick Journal.*

By special request descriptions of 'bus drives to London, Lakeland, Edinburgh (east) and Glasgow (west) are added.

M. G. M.

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# SOME BEAUTY SPOTS OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

## ALNWICK

### Home of the Percys—The Great Northumberlands

Alnwick, rather grim and very grey, retaining much of its feudal aspect, and looking what it is, the home of those great Percys whose name and fame run not only through the annals of their own Northumbria, but also are writ large on the history of the British Empire.

"In this town of Stowe" of surpassing dignity and rich grandeur, stands the crowning beauty of the castle famous indeed in history.

Its exterior still preserves its ancient features, showing clearly the protective purpose for which it was built. Its great clustering towers vie with each other in strength; their sky-line is fretted with embrasures and battlements. Long centuries these towers have stood the ravages of time: besiegers have battered them with rams of rude construction, arrows have whizzed through their loopholes, and yet they throw their shadows, warlike, yet beautiful, over the River Aln as they did long, long ago. The interior of the castle has been modernized and made delightful with all the modern requirements of the day, and it is truly a fitting home for Northumberland's Duke.

The early history of Alnwick Castle is shadowy. Its real origin has been disputed, but it is agreed that

the present building was the work of Eustace Fitzjohn, a De Vesci who died in the year 1157. In 1297 it was granted to Antony Bek, Bishop of Durham, and by him to Henry de Percy in 1309, by whose family it has ever since been held, and in whose famous history it has played a prominent part.

The Barbican, the principal entrance, was built by the first Percy, Henry, and its purpose is very clear, as its strength and formidable appearance tells. Evidence of three huge gates remain, and also of a portcullis.

Next the Outer Bailey is entered, and here is the great grass lawn leading to the castle: on the right to the Avener's Tower, the Stables, the Guest Hall, the Clock Tower, Estate Office, Laundries and Auditor's Towers; on the left to the Watch Tower, the Abbot and Falconer's Towers. All these are full of interest and delight, as for example the Abbot's Tower, wherein is the Duchess's museum, which contains wonderful specimens of geology collected by the Duchess Florentia.

The Guest Hall, too, is interesting as the place in which the courts leet are held. In 1863, wishing to test its acoustic capabilities, the Duke had a concert given in it, Haydn's "Creation" being chosen, which was produced by London's most celebrated artists.

In the Auditor's Tower is the Egyptian Museum, full of treasures collected by the fourth Duke of Northumberland, which are of great historic value.

The Inner Bailey is partly also a grassy lawn; the principal buildings in this are the work of Henry, first lord of Alnwick Castle. Here too is the Warder's Tower, erected in 1660; through it an archway leads to the parks and gardens; while the Ravine Tower, the highest of any of its companions, is also here.

Hotspur's Chair is a curiosity in the shape of a quaint old garret suggestive of a chair, and full of history connected with old customs of bygone days.

There is a break in the stone-work here known as the "Bloody Sap," wherein lies a traditionary story connected with an assault by the Scots.

There is the Sally-Port or Postern Tower, a broad

beautiful terrace studded with wonderful trees which are the pride of the countryside in autumn, "rich with a thousand tinted hues."

The Prison, dreary enough surely, and the Dungeon, still gloomier, the Draw-well, where the old windlass may be seen by which the water was hoisted to the surface, the Buttery, the Guard Chamber: it is impossible to do more than outline such wealth of architecture which Alnwick Castle possesses.

Everywhere at Alnwick the Percy lion meets the eye. In the town is a fine memorial raised a hundred years ago to the Duke of Northumberland, at whose base this Percy lion is seen. Here too is the Lion Bridge, where perfect specimens of lions are seen. It is said that no more perfect specimen of heraldic creatures can be found than these Percy lions, and indeed seeing them at Alnwick, the statement is not challenged.

And not only figures of lions prevail, but on the vast walls of the glorious old castle stand the remnant—only forty now—of the two hundred stone figures who once stood armed on these heights. In all sorts of attitudes they stand, watching ever: some are sharpening their knives, some drinking, some leaning, inert, yet ever on the watch. Many of the figures, headless and limbless now, lie in quiet corners in the museum in the castle, where also there is a fine collection of Roman remains.

Below the castle the beautiful winding Aln steals, the reflections of tower and walls making wonderful pictures in its quiet and clear water. Stretching far and wide is the ducal park, deep woods, wide plains, white roads, such glorious park scenery can scarcely be imagined; past and present seem to blend here, and the fragrance of antiquity seems in the very air.

Within the great park are ruins of two once important religious houses. Alnwick Abbey has disappeared, its very stones have been taken away, but there still remains the fine old fifteenth century gateway which stands on a piece of green turf surrounded by old, old trees, so ancient that their shade might have fallen over the old abbey. Close by the river runs, and the birds make music amongst the leaves.

The monastery and fortress of Hulne is a glorious old ruin sheltered also by huge old trees. Here many of the thick walls are still standing, and lancet windows, carved figures, chapter-houses and a chapel may be traced. There is a wonderfully preserved old tower upon which is cut a curious inscription in old English lettering:

> "In the year of Crist Jhu MCCCCVII & VIII.
> This towr was bilded by Sir Hen Percy," etc. etc.

It was the Carmelite Order who held this abbey, and it was a Duke of Northumberland who built this monastery in Alnwick Park, which he promised should be as much like Mount Carmel as possible.

The curfew still rings at Alnwick, reminder of the great feudal past.

In the market-place is the stout bull-ring set in a great stone where bull-baiting, bear-baiting, and even man-baiting took place. And wander through the streets of Alnwick, pass under the massive turreted archway, a fifteenth century relic, built by brave Hotspur's son. It is one of the four gates of the town, which was, of course, in olden days, strongly walled and fortified, which fortifications were strengthened on the restoration of the estates by Henry V.

And the various streets, could anything be more quaint, more filled with memories of the past? What have these old streets seen? What strange tumults and noises of war have echoed through them? How many gallant Percys have ridden through their narrow winding ways? What joys and sorrows they have witnessed, what victories have been celebrated with pipers' music skirling through them. Alnwick is a place where many see visions and dream dreams, where pageants of the past take place again, and the days of yore blend with those of the present amidst a setting unrivalled throughout the world.

Besides the extensive pleasure grounds there are walks about Alnwick of great charm: to Brislee Tower rising high above its surrounding pines; to Nine Year Aw'd Hole, a curious cave; to Denwick Bridge, and by the river leads to the pretty village

of Denwick, on to the Great North Road, where in a wood nearby the spot where King Malcolm was slain may be seen.

Or wander to "Callish Park," a lonely, glen-like place with rocky cliffs and rippling burn; Swansfield and the Stoney Hills, site of an ancient British camp, and a monument commemorating the victories of Trafalgar. Nay, the walks are many. Visit Alnwick and even more will be found.

One great treasure which is held as a priceless possession in Alnwick Castle is "The Corbridge Lanx." A description of it will be found in the article on Corbridge, but it is good to know that such a wonder of antiquity is safely housed in Northumberland's ducal home.

# IN ALLENDALE

## A Favourite Holiday District

Beautiful Allendale, only thirty-two miles distant from Newcastle and twelve from the old abbey town of Hexham, is at once the most charming of Northumberland's upland dales, and has been for years a favourite health resort and a place for a centre from which excursions can be made. It is an ideal spot for a really beautiful holiday.

Lying in the very heart of the fells, some eight hundred feet above sea-level, and fanned by the fresh, clean breezes from the moorlands, Allendale really comprises all the valley of the East Allen, and includes the villages of Catton and Allenheads, as well as Allendale Town itself. On all sides there lies a panorama of beautifully wooded country and river, dale and hillside in all their varying shades and colours, making a picture which has been painted " full many a time and oft."

In Allendale Town there is a good deal of historic interest, especially in regard to the parish church, which is mentioned in old registers as far back as 1174, when a document was drawn up between the Bishop of Durham, then Prince Bishop from Humber to Tweed, and the Archbishop of York, concerning their respective rights in the regality of Hexham.

According to this arrangement the chapel and graveyard of Allendale were to be vested in the Prior of Hexham. In 1294 the Prior of Hexham was cited to show cause why vicars of Hexham were not regularly instituted to the living of Allendale. Evidently, therefore, Allendale church, the mother church of East and West Allen, was a daughter church of the Priory

of Hexham. It is one of the few churches whose dedication name was changed, for it was known in 1547 as St. Mary's, while about 1807, at its restoration, it became St. Cuthbert's.

There is a beautiful memorial east window which commemorates the work of the Rev. Titus Emmerson, and also an alabaster reredos which contains a reproduction of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" in mosaic.

Amongst the list of vicars of this church is the name of one Robert Paton, 1706, who joined the forces under the Earl of Derwentwater in the "Fifteenth" Rebellion, taking with him six men of Allendale. He was appointed chaplain to "General" Tom Forster, and fought at the Battle of Preston. Sir Walter Besant mentions this vicar in his novel "Dorothy Forster."

An example of the work of the eminent sculptor, John Lough, is to be seen on the west wall of the church. Allendale was a favourite rest place for John Wesley, when during the years 1748 and 1761 he was a frequent visitor. To the present time Wesleyan Methodism is strong in the dale.

Allendale was celebrated in olden days for its busy market, which was held every Friday, and also for its old-fashioned fairs when cattle were brought from all the adjoining places, and a great deal of bargaining went on. It also had its hirings, that festival day of the farm workers, now, alas! losing all its romance and picturesqueness.

A regular service of 'buses link Allenheads to Allendale Town. This is, indeed, a village on the heights, being some 1,500 feet above sea-level. It is shut in on all sides by moorland. Allenheads Hall, one of Viscount Allendale's residences, is well worth seeing, and days can be spent in delightful walks and picnics over moors, where only the song of the birds makes music, or the humming of the bees is heard. Catton, too, is another delightful excursion, as it lies in a clustering village swept by moorland breezes, and quiet and tranquil in its seclusion.

There are many beautiful walks. Lonkley Head is well worth the long pull which leads to it, as a

glorious view of the town and far distant country is obtained. To the west is the spreading moor with a distant glimpse of Staward Peel, to the north the outline of the Roman Wall, and far away the blue outlines of the Cheviot Hills—on, perhaps, to Parkgates Burn, where there is a thickly wooded glen, bracken, and pine trees, a place indeed to linger in.

Take the path another time down the Peth, and cross the River Allen by the 1825 bridge, the widest single span structure in Northumberland, pass the Flour Mill, turn the corner by the old "Toll," and climb up Daniel's Peth to the beautiful cemetery which crowns the hill. Here Worley Avenue is entered in all its leafy beauty with its rippling burn and its grateful shade. Half a mile on the hamlet of Worley is reached, and tea provides a welcome addition to the afternoon.

Still more excursions can easily be taken from Allendale, to Holmes Lynn, a beautiful waterfall with a footbridge over the river from which the view is magnificent. Wintings, where the river is at its very best, Barnsley Bridge with its great gorge; here the river has worn its rocks into many strange formations, some like huge bowls, and some like leaves, all very smooth and well-defined.

There is a great charm here with Nature at her fairest. It is truly idyllic and wonderful.

And Allendale provides sport also, and here is plenty of good fishing, and a pleasantly situated golf-course about ten minutes' walk away; the views from it are magnificent, mountain, moor and dale all meeting the eye. The view stretching from Staward to Sniderhope is well worth the walk, even for non-golfers.

And so each year visitors come in increasing numbers to this dale-land which is so beautiful and so health-giving. England is rich in these dales, named after rivers, as Teesdale, Weardale, Swaledale, etc., but none can surpass in loneliness fair Allendale. Those who visit it return; those who have not seen it have a treat in store, for here

> "The little brooks are tumbling as they run
> And leaves are glinting in the summer sun."

# ALSTON

## The Gateway to Cumberland's Glories

Situated amidst the heather-clad fells of Cumberland, Alston occupies a unique position. Its elevation is very great, about one thousand feet above the sea-level, and its air is thus rarefied to a wonderful pureness, and is full of health-giving properties.

Near it are the beautiful falls and forces of Nattrass-gill, Ashgill, Crossgill, Nent Force, and Gossipgate, while away in the distance Cross Fell—the giant of the Pennine Chain—rears its snow-capped head, and all around is the great stretch of the fells, with sentinel firs and fields and winding rivers—a panorama, indeed, as far as the eye can reach in every direction, which, be it seen in the sun's uprising with the dawn breaking over it, in noonday heat, or twilight shades, or in moonlight when its beauty is indescribable, is one of the fairest prospects which can possibly be imagined. And the little town itself is full of interest and attraction. It has its historic charm, as witness the old market place dating from 1830, still cobbled and very steep, crowned by the market cross which was restored in 1874 by a renowned Cumberland lad, who rose to be Lord Mayor of London, William Stephenson, upon whom also the honour of knighthood was conferred, and who also built at his own expense the covered market which is so useful to his native place. See Alston on market day, and real country life will be before you. Potatoes from the fields, butter, eggs, greens—there is a lure in the scene which can truly be felt.

Amidst all the centenaries which this year have been celebrated, Alston, too, can claim one of its own, for

its ancient grammar school has a stone above its door recording its erection in 1828. Then, too, the shops attract attention. Quaint, old-world, yet replete with all modern requirements, Alston sausage being a feature for sale.

It is a town of gables, of arches everywhere, of picturesque houses with outside stairs, and banks and by-ways, old and new. The Butts is one of the oldest portions, once the scene of archery practising in days prior to 1745, when every man had to learn soldiering. Indeed, the whole place is full of Border history and romance blended with more modern life, and beauty everywhere.

The church, dedicated to St. Augustine, is a comparatively modern building, 1869 being its date, but it stands on the site of a much earlier building of which the barbarians who destroyed it did not leave a trace. Its fine tower adds great beauty to the town, and its graveyard contains some ancient monuments. Its bells and clock have a history. They awoke the echoes at Dilston Hall in the days of the Derwentwaters, the old lords of the Manor of Alston, whose lands were all confiscated and given to the Greenwich Hospital.

The church contains many old treasures in the way of plate, one two-handled cup being dated 1726-7, and bearing the initials of the maker, Isaac Collard.

Back o' the Burn, Crown Lane, Market Street, are all worth investigation, and so is the breezy, gorgeous view from the main street in which stand two of the most comfortable hotels, The Lion and Hillcrest, where Cumberland kindness and good fare reign supreme, and at which the 'buses stop—for there are regular 'buses daily now to Alston.

And the walks. It is a question which direction one should take, for like a central circle, Alston has roads from every point, and each one is more beautiful than the last.

Randalholme—here is a page out of the old Border story: is a wonderful pele tower, and a picturesque old house. Its walls are very thick, and it boasts a subterranean passage of about three miles in length, ending at Corby gates. Could its stones but speak,

what a story they could tell. On the tower are engraved the arms of the Derwentwaters, and round it Miss Austin Clare has written her fascinating novel, "Randal of Randalholme."

Nearby is Kirkhaugh, with its wonderful church spire and one of the most beautiful graveyards in Northumberland.

Only two miles from Alston—on the banks of the Tyne—lies the famous Roman camp, known as Whitley Castle. Its ancient name has never been discovered. Here, along the old Maiden Way, nine acres of ground outline the camp and can be clearly seen, as can also parts of the succession of walls. Altars, baths, pottery works, hand-grinding mills for corn, and leaden pipings have all been found here, the most interesting of all being a fine altar to be seen in the garden of Castle Nook Farm nearby, which bears the inscription, "Deo Apollini," and on which can be discerned Apollo, the sun-god, urging on the horses of his chariot with a whip. This altar was found in 1837 and measures four feet seven inches by one foot eight inches.

Knaresdale, beyond Slaggyford, makes another beautiful walk. It abounds in glorious views, and its hall and churchyard preserve records of many an old family.

Garrigill, now somewhat a deserted village, since its lead-mine industry decreased, is yet full of charm; its people grow old, and its children are strong. It stands one thousand one hundred and thirty feet above sea-level, and if its lead is not sought now, it still possesses the diamond of health which is indeed precious.

The scenery here is wild—moorland, bleak and stern. There are miles of walks in every direction and glimpses of the Pennines far ahead.

Garrigill Church dates from about 1215. It has an ancient story, tablets to old families, the Viponds in particular, and its gravestones are a record of past days indeed.

Its lead has travelled to many lands. It is said that one hundred cartloads were sent in 1760 for the building of Clairvaux Castle, and that the King presented

five cartloads to Caen in 1168, while workmen of every country have toiled at Garrigill.

Ashgill, the finest force in Alston district, is well worth a visit. This burn is beautiful, brown and hazel, gilded with the sun, and deep and dark with shadows, fringed with graceful trees, a creature of hues and shadows caught from earth, sky and mist. Moss and lichen cover the stones over which the water rushes, ending in white foam and mixing with the burn at its foot. It is a picture to keep in the mind, a vision of Nature in her most wonderful blendings and fairest garb.

Nenthead is up the wooded valley of the Nent, and again the sound of moving waters.

And so with Alston for a centre what more can be desired? Excursions, walks, climbing, shooting, fishing, painting, golfing, tours on foot, by motor, cycle, or the 'bus, it is a place of real delight and truly refreshing both of mind and body. Bishop Lightfoot visited it in 1880, and never failed afterwards to voice its charms, and hundreds have left it with real regret and hundreds more are visiting it.

Its flora is varied, and considering its altitude wonderful. Here the kestrel, the wandering falcon, the heron and the grey plover find a home, the corncrake sends forth his grating call, and on the distant mountains the "helmet" of mist descends, and the great "helm" wind sometimes blows in fury over the fells, Siberia-like in a storm. Says one writer: "'Tis heaven on a summer's day. 'Tis hell when storms do rage."

Alston, beautiful, health-giving little town, is far enough from the "madding crowd" to be restful, yet full of all that can charm and delight. The town was made popular as a health resort half a century ago by Robin Goodfellow, of the *Weekly Chronicle*, whose glowing descriptions drew attention to the beauties of the district.

# PICTURESQUE APPLEBY

## Fair Town of Eden Vale

Appleby, one of the smallest county towns in England, can yet provide more interest and pleasure to visitors than very many of its larger neighbours. The place just thrills with history. Truly its records are those of stirring times and wonderful events, yet to-day it stands for all that is placid, rest-giving and delightful, for its position is very beautiful, and all the Vale of Eden is surely passing fair.

The greatest excitement in Appleby centres round market day, or maybe when its Assizes take place, or an election wakes it up, or—for it still retains the old custom of its fairs—when all the "fun of the fair" reigns and the town is lively and merry for a time, after which it sinks back into its calm.

Visitors come, and return, to Appleby. The air is sweet and fresh, and the people very hospitable and friendly. It is country life there, and a glorious change from the "madding crowd" and whirl of town life and bustle. The river itself is very beautiful, its valley is the largest of the many beautiful ones in the county, its ways are deep and narrow, and its dales open and fertile. "Oh," as the Lakeland poet puts it, "the Eden flows from the mountains, and its vales are wondrous fair."

Appleby, the capital of Westmorland, is two hundred and sixty-six miles away from London, and it is the centre of the old and spreading Barony of Appleby. By it runs the meandering River Eden, with its well-wooded banks spanned by an ancient stone bridge of three arches. In the time of the Great Flood in Westmorland in 1822 the river rose to such an extent that a wooden bridge at the bottom of the High Wiend was

washed away and many buildings were badly damaged. This bridge has now been rebuilt.

With Border history this old town is closely connected. Many a time it was sacked by the raiding Scots, and it was considerably mixed up with the "Risings" of 1745, although the Young Pretender did not find many adherents amongst its people. It has held rights of trading and incorporation since the time of Henry II, and has many and considerable privileges belonging to it.

The Castle stands on an eminence with a beautiful view of the river. It is supposed to have been built about the time of Henry VI, and was the ancient home of the great Lords of the Barony of Westmorland. On all sides its beauty is great. Hanging gardens, groves, shady trees fringe the river; many pretty dwellings nestling on the banks, the whole making a picture well worth seeing. The Castle, too, has seen many ravages from the Scots, and was partly rebuilt in 1641. On its west side is Cæsar's Tower. It is a detached, square building, and it is supposed that a Roman fortress once occupied the site.

Inside the Castle there are relics of great interest to be seen, suits of armour, a most valuable triptych, and many old treasures from the past. Outside its gates stands the High Cross, on which is inscribed "Retain your loyalty; preserve your rights." The Market House, where butter and eggs are sold on market days, stands at the foot of old Broughgate. It is a stone building with a door at each end, in front of it is the Low Cross, for Appleby abounds in gates and crosses; this one has no inscription on it.

The ancient Moat Hall still stands in the centre of the street, while a few steps more and the cloisters are reached leading to the Church of St. Lawrence which is one of the most interesting "Houses of God" in the county, and whose story is indeed a stirring one. Originally a Norman church stood here. This was superseded by another, which was burnt down by the Scots in the reign of Henry II, but which he re-built, and this building was again restored in 1655 by the Countess of Pembroke. It is a beautiful Gothic church with a fine square tower, in which are five sweet-toned

bells with chimes which sound out at every third hour.

In the chancel there are some elaborately ornamented tombs of Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, and a beautiful marble effigy of her as well, placed there in 1616. The other tomb is that of the Countess of Pembroke, who died at the Castle in 1675, who, amongst many charitable bequests left an estate at Temple Sowerby for the reparation of this church, the bridge, and market crosses. There are two chambers in the church, dedicated one to the Virgin Mary and the other to St. Nicholas.

Appleby possesses a Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, the chaplain of the church being ordered by the Queen to teach grammar in this school as part of his duty, all showing the quaint history and fund of interest which lies round this old place which possessed a playing-field named Pear Tree Garth, and has in its day sent sons of Westmorland and Cumberland to many a seat amongst the mighty.

The Alms Houses—St. Anne's Hospital—provide homes for thirteen women, " apartments and gardens," says the old script. The eldest of the recipients is called the " mother "; each receives a quarterly stipend, and three cart-loads of coal; the Earl of Thanet is its visitor, and the Mayor of Appleby is principal trustee. It, too, owes its foundation to the great Lady Ann, Countess of Pembroke, who founded it in 1653.

And for walks and excursions Appleby is rich indeed, a centre of interest of beauty very hard to beat. Walk along the east side of the Eden to Appleby St. Michael, and see many Saxon and Norman remains, for the church here is full of antiquities. Here is the Friary on Battlebarrow, a memory of the Carmelite Friars, Crackethorpe Hall, an historic house, and the little villages of Colby and Hoff. At this last there was a great battle between English and Scotch in the reign of Richard II.

Capeland Beck, a hamlet where spinning and carding were the staple industry for years. Drybeck, a sweet secluded village three and a half miles distant, Hoff Nether, Hoff Row, Gallows Hill. Here, indeed, one thrills at the thought of criminals being brought up to

pay publicly for their wicked deeds. Hilton with its old manor, now the property of the Earl of Lonsdale, and its traces of an old chapel. Langton, one and a half miles away, famed in the Scotch raids in the reign of Edward II. Murton, also with a beautiful manor, nearly surrounded by fells and possessing rich veins of lead.

Nay, there is no end to the lovely rambles. Once a forest land, with ancient trees, the very pride of the county, rich in geographical curiosities, full of history seething with romance, Appleby is just a gem set in a circle of pure delight, and is calling tired people to come and revel in its peacefulness and gain fresh inspiration from its beauties.

# BERWICK-ON-TWEED

## The Key to Borderland

Berwick, picturesque and hoary, clinging to the banks of the river Tweed, famous both in song and story, is unique in history, situation and romance. Key to the Borderland, it is thus one of the gateways to Scotland, and it offers to all who visit it a picture never to be forgotten of red-tiled roofs, green-topped bastions and tapering spires, bridges and beauty. A place where the spirit of the Past joins that of the Present and every stone tells of the generations of men and women who lived within its old walls in the glorious "Long Ago."

Here are probably the finest walls and ramparts in the world, forming to-day a wonderful walk round this old-world town, and presenting views of land, sea and river of the most beautiful description.

Low flung across the Tweed is the old bridge of peculiar design which has stood Time's ravages since the reign of James I.

To-day, the new Royal Border Bridge spans the river, a glorious specimen of the engineering prowess of present times; old and new, past and present bridge each bearing its pilgrims 'twixt England and Scotland, while farther up, high arched and graceful, is the railway viaduct, the work of that great North-country man, Stephenson.

The church has its story too, curiously built with stones taken from the old castle in 1648. No bells peal out from this parish church, for it has no tower; those stormy times in Borderland history did not admit of bells to summon worshippers, and indeed, to-day the church is wellnigh concealed

by great trees. Tradition has it that Cromwell's chaplain preached the first sermon here, and also that the Cromwellians' horses were stabled in it. Parishioners of to-day hear the bell for worship ringing out from the Town Hall, which is perhaps unique in the story of the Church. In the vestry of this building many old relics and treasures from the Past may be seen, and the registers are extremely interesting. One entry tells of a vicar who took evening service and then went home and murdered his wife. The churchyard has some very old tombstones and grave-covers. Shut up in alleys and byways there are several old churches now unused, or maybe turned into stores, smithies, etc.

The Town Hall dates about 1750. By its architecture it suggests that a foreign atmosphere must have been in Berwick at the time, for its appearance reminds one of buildings on the Continent. It, too, holds historic treasures well worth seeing, while a climb to its high "Leads" reveals a view wellnigh indescribable of passages and alleys, of open spaces and narrow ways. In short it gives a map of what a "defenced city" was in olden days.

Nearby are the old stocks where offenders were punished, where amongst others the celebrated evildoer—Bess Knox—did penance for her wickedness.

In Coxon's Lane an old stone causes interest, it is marked T. S., and bears the date 1598.

Again in Church Street another stone is carved with the words, "Fear to offend or mark thend. T. S. 1601." History has never revealed who this dread personage was.

In East Street stands a house in which it is stated Burns lodged during a visit to Berwick, when he wrote his oft-quoted words describing the town:

> "A Bridge without a centre stone,
> A Church without a steeple,
> A midden-stead at every door,
> And a . . . deceitful people."

The Governor's house in the Palace is also interesting, as is also a very old house next to the police

station, where it is supposed Cromwell stayed, and which is adorned with some curious gargoyles.

And if history is writ large upon the town itself, what of the castle ruins, which can boast of historical lore which would fill a volume. Little imagination is required to people these old walls once more, be it the spirit of great King Malcolm or of King David, who raised Berwick to the dignity of chief of the four Royal burghs, and to whom is ascribed the credit of raising the first great stronghold on Castle Hill. Or perhaps the ghost of William the Lion rises from 1174, when Berwick passed into English hands, or that of Richard Cœur de Lion, who sold it for ten thousand marks to the Scottish king again.

In 1292 a momentous gathering took place in the great hall of Berwick Castle, when Edward I made the decision which led to the sacking of Berwick, and the streets ran with blood, and the very walls of the castle fell amidst one of the most glorious defences ever made.

Again rise up the names of William Wallace and David Bruce, and tales of raids, surrenders, stormings and victories follow, until the reign of Henry VII brought happier times, and his eldest daughter's marriage with James IV of Scotland laid the foundation of the union of the two countries a century later.

Other kings and queens knew the Royal burgh well. Mary Queen of Scots, James VI of Scotland, Charles I, Queen Victoria, King Edward, and in this year, 1928, our beloved Prince of Wales. All have visited the old city which is so full of the nation's story.

Entirely despoiled of their facing stones the walls and the castle have crumbled to decay, but there may yet be seen the line of the castle walls from the Watergate Tower, along to the Bell Tower and Lord Soulis' Tower. The moat may still be traced, and again, on the New Road, near the Conqueror's Well, a portion of wall may be seen believed to have been built in the time of Bruce.

Earthworks beneath the bastions may be seen, and a fascinating time may be spent in exploring these, some of the most historic ruins of the two countries.

The barracks at Berwick are the oldest in the two

kingdoms, and the walk from them on to the cliffs most beautiful. In the distance the pier runs out to sea for nine hundred and sixty yards. Here one may sight the herring fleet putting out to sea, or the salmon fishers busy with their nets. And away as far as the eye can reach is the sea. Strong breezes blow from the Northern Sea, and few places can beat Berwick for bracing air and delightful walks.

And for views, seek the high ground of Castle Terrace, and see the three Eildons at Melrose, "from various points of vantage see the bridges, wonder ways 'twixt England and Scotland."

Climb up Halidon Hill, and a panorama of river, sea and beautiful borderland meets the eye, or go up Scremerston Hill and see below, Berwick, with the sea mist creeping up, and the setting sun slanting over its red roofs. It is the stern, wild Northland spread out, Berwick, the Borderland Key, a mediaeval romance which peeps from the pages of the Past.

From Meg's Bastion other places worth a visit unfold in splendid array: Tweedmouth and Spittal, once belonging to the Prince Bishops of Durham; Holy Island, birthplace of English Christianity; far away "Great Bamburgh's Keep"; the Longstone Lighthouse, and still farther off, the line of the Cheviots, clear on the distant sky. None can surpass the charm of Berwick, nor equal its views.

And a drive to Norham must not be neglected. It too is full of historic interest and charm, bearing its part in the world's story, and made immortal by Sir Walter Scott, that lover of the "Tweed and all beside it."

# BLAGDON AND STANNINGTON

Beautiful little Stannington, that little old-world village on the river Blyth, so near to Newcastle, and yet so peaceful, and even remote in its rusticity, has been preserved so far from modern enterprise and building, and retains its cottages with their gay gardens, its little ivy-covered village school, its tiny shop stored with a variety of commodities ranging from groceries and fruit to brushes and pans, and even the picture post-card; its Post Office and its drinking fountain, which is of a fine design, and bears the inscription "This water is brought to the village by Viscount Ridley in commemoration of the Coronation of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra in 1902."

And with the name of Ridley, the secret of Stannington's quiet, well-kept appearance is disclosed. It belongs to that family, Viscount Ridley being Lord of the Manor, and is part of the beautiful estate which includes stately Blagdon, his ancestral home, with its great gates, on whose portals stone bulls repose, and whose beautiful, sweeping park, with its shimmering lake full of reflections, and guarded by old trees, is such a favourite spot for functions, such as the Cyclists' Parade, when the Vicar of Newcastle preached at the great open-air service, and the Junior Imperial League Fête and Rally. Close to the gates of Blagdon is a long building which is interesting as having been a café in the great exhibition in Newcastle; it belonged to Lyons & Co. and was practically their first venture.

All the countryside round Blagdon is very beautiful. Plessey, with its woods, shady and steep, with fern and flower-covered sides, and the river rippling over its stony bed—just a world of beauty lies there. Visitors can reach it at any hour of the day by the 'buses which stop at the gate leading into the woods.

At Stannington there is the Howard Arms, an old coaching-house, where in olden days the North Road coach stopped, and its passengers were greeted by mine host, and parcels and mails were picked up, and delivered. Sometimes a four-in-hand drives up to the old inn, and day by day the twentieth century stage-coach, the 'bus, brings passengers to its door. The name " Howard " has its interest, too, for once all this land belonged to the Earls of Carlisle, from whom it passed to the Ridley family.

Stannington Church surprises those who visit it by its size and spaciousness; the approach is by a real country lane which passes the old Vicarage, clad at present with yellow roses, and its garden gay with brilliantly-hued flowers. A lych gate leads into the churchyard. It is of carved wood, and was erected by the first Viscount Ridley in 1893. It has the figure of Our Lord upon it, and bears the words " O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving " carved upon it. The broad seats must be a boon to many who walk from outlying parts to service on Sundays. Dedicated to St. Mary, the present church, built in 1871, stands on the site of a Norman structure which had to be taken down owing to its dilapidated condition. Its date was 1100.

The present church is built in the Early English style of dressed Bassington stone; it has a fine chancel with cloisters round it which bears a great resemblance to those of Durham Cathedral, and the fine embattled tower is a landmark for many miles around. It is hoped that one day a peal of bells will sound out through the venetian shutters which await their arrival. At present only one bell summons the worshippers.

A monument of copper and bronze of the first Lord Ridley is to be seen in the church. It is said to be a most life-like production, and is certainly very beautiful. Lord Ridley is dressed in his peer's robes, his buckled shoes being especially cleverly wrought, and a fine coat of arms is close by bearing the Ridley motto " Constans Fidei " upon it.

But the main feature of the church is its wonderful stained glass, second, it is said, to none in the north-country. The beautiful east window was erected by

the children of Sir Matthew White Ridley, fourth baronet, dated 1897, and the gorgeous west window was presented by the family of Captain Gregg Carr. These are works of art, but the two windows north and south of the Sanctuary are indescribably beautiful. They commemorate the Hon. Marjorie Cecilia Ridley, and are exquisite in their colouring, and the beauty of the faces in them.

Another window in the church, by Kemp, is of amber gold, and depicts three northern saints, Aidan, Benedict, and Oswald.

There is a beautiful new altar cover, presented by the Vicar, the Rev. C. Dodderidge, of rich Mary blue, while two old chairs are to be seen which are evidently from the ancient church.

Netherton, with its training school, belongs to this parish, and some of the boys from it form the choir, while its fife and drum band plays in church on special occasions.

Hard by, too, is the Sanatorium, where children from Northumberland and Durham are brought to gain health and strength in the clean pine air. The Poor Children's Holiday Association and the Rescue Agency have spent a great deal of money here, and have been amply repaid by the splendid results. The two hundred and sixty beds available are never empty, and "Stannington" spells fresh life and hope to many a pallid invalid.

Stannington's War Memorial is in the form of a mural tablet in the church. It honours thirty-seven brave boys, some of whom were Netherton boys who went from the Training School to fight for their country.

Stannington can claim to be a beauty spot, and a place to linger in. Nothing could be finer than its air, especially in this hay-making time; tea can be enjoyed in the open, for the Temperance Hotel provides seats and tables outside, and a tea of real country fare. Picnics can be enjoyed, walks taken, and all this within reach of a few miles of Newcastle—a 'bus-ride of about twenty minutes' duration to two real beauty spots.

# BLANCHLAND

## One of England's Most Mediaeval Villages

Mediaeval, quaint, and very beautiful, Blanchland strikes the visitor as bearing a great resemblance to a collegiate place. Even Besant, who has for all time immortalized the village by his novel "Dorothy Forster," was known to say "that it reminded him of a decayed college."

Entered by a fortified gate, this little gem of Derwent Dale, the main road leads to a picturesque stone bridge which crosses the Derwent. Besant also refers to this as "a stout old bridge built by the monks, who themselves farmed the valley."

The ancient stone buildings and houses of the village are arranged in the form of a square; they are as antique as any to be found in Northumberland, and many of them can even boast of flagged roofs.

The abbey of Blanchland was founded in 1175 by Walter de Bolbeck, the lord of the manor, for twelve canons, missionary monks belonging to St. Nobert's very severe rule. From the colour of their habit they were called the "White Canons," thus probably giving the name Blanchland—"White land"—to the village, though possibly it came from an abbey of the same name in Normandy. This abbey was so cunningly hidden away that at first would-be marauders and sackers never found it. It was enriched by many benefactions from the great family of Neville, and by the reign of Edward I had become so noted that its abbot was summoned to Parliament in 1294 and 1295.

Its secluded position did not, however, always avail to prevent destructive visits of the Scots. There is a tale of a number of marauders seeking to pillage the

monastery, losing their way in the darkness and, hearing the abbey bells ringing joyfully—for the monks thought all danger had passed—and guided by their merry peal, these Scots broke through the monastery gate, set fire to the buildings, and slaughtered several of the monks before they rode away. Later on the abbey became the possession of the Forster family of Bamburgh.

The refectory of the monks is still to be seen in the old manor house, now known as the "Crewe Arms Hotel," that wonderful old place full of history and romance where visitors delight to stay, and which made such a delightful setting for a scene in the novel "Dorothy Forster."

In the principal room of this famous old-world hotel may be seen the picture of the great Bishop of Durham, Lord Crewe, whose name is even yet associated with many charities in the ancient diocese, while in the garden the old cloisters may still be traced.

The church, dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, is a remnant of the ancient abbey church, which was repaired and made fit for use by Lord Crewe's trustees in 1752. Here King Edward III made his confession to the abbot of Blanchland, and ordered many Masses to be said.

It is a remarkable church in the early English style, with chancel, nave, and square tower. Near the altar are some sedilia wherein sat, during part of Mass, the abbot and his attendant priests; opposite on the floor of the chancel is the tombstone of an abbot, with a beautiful cross carved upon it, on one side of which is a crosier, and on the other a chalice. Here, too, is another tombstone with a pair of shears carved upon it.

The baptistry, added in 1844, contains old treasures in the way of the ancient font and a quaint old slab inscribed with a pastoral staff, probably commemorating another abbot of Blanchland.

Another slab is inscribed with the name of Robert de Egleston; it bears a horn, a bow and arrow, and a sword, and it is thought that it must have been in memory of the abbot's forester.

The old tower contains a window, St. John is painted

on it, and it was given by Bishop Thorp, in 1850, as a Christmas offering.

There is an ancient stone cross in the churchyard, bearing no inscription nor date, but evidently is of very great antiquity.

And so, for a peep into the past, for a revel in the glamour of sylvan beauty, trees, stream, and quietude, for a day far from the "madding crowd" in country which was the stage for so much religious life and such great struggles and incursions, go to Blanchland, and walk along the side of the Derwent fringed with trees and shrubs, and find in the unique village stores of interest which will remain for ever to remind each one of beautiful Blanchland. About a mile away, where the two burns, the Knucton and the Beldon, join to form the Derwent, is a fine and romantic cliff called "Gibraltar Rock"; here, indeed, is rustic loveliness, a place for picnics or for pleasant meandering, a beauty spot indeed.

As a centre for excursions Blanchland is excellent, for it lies very near the border line between Durham and Northumberland. A trip to Hunstanworth is well worth while, where in the old churchyard the lower part—or byre—of an old pele tower still remains; or to Muggleswick, where in the churchyard the great sculptor, Lough's, first attempts may be seen, or to Stanhope, that fair spot of Weardale high up amongst its hills, or to Shotley Bridge, where again beauty and rusticity await. These are the attractions which make it worth the visitor's while to journey to Blanchland—which is within easy distance of Newcastle, and only eleven and a half miles from Hexham—these the rewards of so doing.

# BISHOP AUCKLAND

## A Famous Market Place

Bishop Auckland, known in the old days as "Bishop's Oakland," or Market Akelande, is one of the most fascinating and famous of Durham's market towns, for in it is to be found history, romance, and a fund of interest, while its outlying districts provide excursions to many beauty spots of Nature. The most noted feature of the town is its famous old castle, the residence of the Bishops of Durham probably ever since the Roman Conquest; certainly the home of the Bishops Palatine, or Prince Bishops, who ruled both as spiritual and temporal lords from the Humber to the Tweed, and who, when the Scots made one of their many incursions over the Border, did not hesitate to don their military dress and take up their swords for their kingdom's sake.

The site upon which the castle stands suggests that it was originally a fortress connected with the Roman camp at Binchester, "Vinovium," on the opposite side of the hill, where wonderful remains may still be seen, including an almost perfect specimen of a hypocaust. Antiquaries from all over the world journey to this spot, which is within an easy and pleasant walk from Bishop Auckland.

Attached to the Castle is the most beautiful private chapel in England. Visitors are permitted to view this building, which boasts of a genuine "Father Smith" organ, and is the resting-place of many great bishops, including that celebrated scholar Dr. Lightfoot. And the park which surrounds the Castle and stretches far and wide beyond it is a thing almost unique in natural

beauty, with its hoary old trees and its breezy heights, known as the High Plains. Winding through it runs the Gaunless, an off-shoot of the Wear.

Here beautiful walks abound, and plenty of seats are provided. Entrance to the park is free, and visitors can spend a most delightful afternoon in it alone. On an eminence stands the picturesque old Deer-house, reminiscent of the days when deer were kept there, and even earlier still, when wild cattle of the same breed as those at Chillingham roamed the grassy heights. There is a golf course commencing in the park, its first tee being on the High Plains, and in the playing fields belonging to the Castle, football and hockey matches take place.

The market place of this old town is very wonderful, for it has stood the stress of long years, an old picture showing it one hundred and fifty years ago, when the present Town Hall was unbuilt. The church standing then was the second which had been built on that site. This was afterwards demolished and a new church erected in 1837 dedicated to St. Anne. Here, too, are seen the old stocks, and away at the far end is the beautiful entrance to the park which still remains in all its unique grandeur, its wonderful gates of wrought iron, and its ancient clock. Through these gates a glimpse of the grassy sward of the park is obtained.

At the end of the market place the old alms-houses may be seen and the quaint pink washed houses, which lend such a picturesqueness to the scene. This old market place has witnessed many sights and been the arena for many wonderful events. See it on Thursday when it is alive with market stalls, and country folk, selling eggs, butter and country produce of every kind, "cheap jacks," and sweet stalls. Saturday, too, sees it very busy, busier than ever nowadays, when all the 'buses arrive in, and depart from it, their rattle sounding as maybe that of the old stage-coach did in days of yore.

Newgate Street holds out many attractions in the way of shops and cafés. It is a long narrow street stretching far through the town in one continuous line of shops from the market place to the station, and from there emerging into the road to West Auckland

past Raby Castle, Lord Barnard's seat, to Barnard Castle.

The countryside near both Bishop Auckland and West Auckland was famous long ago for its fairs when lads and lasses went a-fairing, and many quaint old ditties and sayings could be quoted about these yearly gatherings. One old celebrity, known as Daddy Purple, had a toy stall at each fair for many years, and lived to the age of one hundred and six. He was a well-known figure, with his long white beard and his kindly smile.

Bondgate contains many old buildings. Durham Chare, a steep bank from the market, leads by a river-side walk to Binchester Woods, where real white violets grow, and away into the open country. It is a road which many pilgrims tread on their way to the Roman Camp.

Castle Chare, now greatly modernized and levelled, leads to another district whereby Coundon, Westerton, and old Kirk Merrington may be reached.

Off Newgate Street is South Church Lane, which no visitor must fail to traverse, for it leads to the glorious old parish church of St. Andrew, another spot for antiquaries, who delight in its great Norman tower, the splendour of its architecture, its brassen effigies, and its lovely War Memorial chapel. One could wish no sweeter resting-place than its "God's Acre," which resounds each Sunday with the music of its famous bells. Auckland possesses another beautiful cemetery, through which the river runs, and the birds make music over the steep hillsides.

Bishop Auckland, as the home of the Bishop, has naturally many ecclesiastical traditions. It has well been called the "Cradle of Bishops," for out of it many vicars have gone to wear the mitre and the Bishop's sleeves. The present Bishop of Wakefield, Dr. Eden, and the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Woods, were both vicars of St. Andrew's Church, to say nothing of the many colonial bishops who laboured here in their early days.

The old Barrington School, too, has sent forth many splendid sons who have done their bit in making the world a better place. The town has produced

musicians of no mean repute, and the great hymn-writer, Faber, gained his education in its Grammar School.

Beyond the town there are river-side walks to ancient Escombe, with its world-famed Saxon church, Witton-le-Wear, Bedburn, whose woods are full of wiid flowers, and its picturesque ivy-covered bridge, which attracts many visitors, and Hamsterley on the heights. A week could be spent with Bishop Auckland as a centre, for the locality has many beauty spots.

Of the dear old town a poet wrote long, long ago:

> "Fair Oaklands by the winding Wear
> Thy views how sweet, thy sons how dear."

# BAMBURGH

## A Towered Citadel. A Pendant Rock

Bamburgh, aptly described as the "Cradle of Northumberland," can only be called unique, both in beauty and in historic associations. Its views from the top of the Castle battlements are just a series of glorious panoramas of the sea, where in hazy distance the Farnes, rocky and full of wonderful bird life, lie farther to the south where Dunstanburgh stands sentinel, and yet farther off the outline of Holy Island and Berwick may be descried.

The history of Bamburgh is the history of its Castle, which stands on a site which combines natural beauty with unrivalled strength. As a fortress it easily surpasses any other in Northumbria in ancient and fascinating historic interest. Well may it be called the "King of Northumberland's Castles." From every point of the compass it may be seen, and sailors watch for it as they pass along the coast. It is spoken of by poets; even the great Sir Walter Scott has helped to immortalize it, and artists foregather untiringly to paint this world-famed Castle.

Back to the reign of King Ida in 547 its story goes, and after his first building, more and more was added, the Keep a hundred years after his death. Till the seventh century Bamburgh was known as "Diuguvaroy," afterwards it became "Bebbanburch," after the wife of King Ethelfrith.

The history of this Castle is linked up with the story of Northumberland's religious and social life. It is the only pre-Conquest Castle in England. It has

been held by prelates, kings, great families; amongst its owners was Lord Crewe and the Forster family, during whose occupation the romantic tale of Dorothy Forster is told as happening in the year 1715, and which Sir Walter Besant tells of in his novel entitled "Dorothy Forster."

To describe the Castle would be to take up the pages of a book. One must visit it for themselves to feel the wonder of it and its magic spell.

The main entrance is reached by a winding road leading up the steep embankment; here is the inner Bailey, or another way of entry is by means of the Postern Gate. Great battlemented walls with massive towers and bastions, there is the great Norman Keep, there are vaults and draw-wells, and the great thick walls of eleven feet indicate at once the strength of the whole building.

Inside there are treasures of remarkable interest; the Armoury with its old weapons, its portraits, especially two by Carmichael and Sykes respectively—"Bamburgh by Moonlight," and "Bamburgh Castle in 1788"—must not be missed, nor must the old Banqueting Hall, the Court Room with its Gobelin tapestry, and the Library, to say nothing of many other wonderfully interesting features to be seen.

The great Lord Armstrong undertook the restoration of Bamburgh Castle, and to-day it is owned by his descendant, another Lord Armstrong.

At the head of the village stands St. Aidan's Church; it belongs to the thirteenth century. It, too, is full of history and contains some beautiful windows of Flemish glass, while underneath it is a crypt or underground "Death House," supposed at one time to have been the home of a hermit.

In the north transept is an effigy of Grace Darling, the brave woman of Bamburgh, who lies at rest in the adjacent churchyard, and who is always known as the heroine of the Longstone, who died in 1842, and whose boat is in the safe keeping of the Dove Laboratory at Cullercoats. On the anniversary of her death wreaths come from all over the world to be laid on her grave.

Bamburgh itself, once the royal city of Bernicia, is

just a pretty, quiet, seaside village, full of sweet cottages with flowers bedecking their gardens, many nice houses and rows of beautiful trees, but its great rock-based Castle seems to overshadow it, and it is certainly one of Northumberland's most sought after and most beautiful resorts. It may easily be reached by 'bus, or by train from Lucker. Children revel here, for the sands are very alluring, and there are weird tales told of "wreckers" and pirates, smugglers and shipwrecks. It is a beauty spot to be much remembered and certainly not to be missed.

And excursions from Bamburgh are many and varied. Old Lindisfarne or Holy Island is only five miles away. Many pilgrims pass over the sands to the islands at low tide and view with interest the cages on poles set up for anyone overtaken by the tide. Here St. Aidan's Monastery, founded in 635, was once the centre of religious life in the north. Here St. Cuthbert, leaving his shepherd life, became eventually Bishop of Lindisfarne; here, too, St. Wilfrid was Bishop, and to-day the magnificent ruins of the old Priory with their wrought Norman arches are witness to those days of yore. Those days of which Scott spoke in "Marmion" when Lindisfarne was in its glory.

It is an old village of red-tiled and, in many cases, thatched cottages. It possesses a beautiful and historic church, and lovers of old china and antiques will find plenty to interest them on Holy Island, for the cottages are full of treasures of this sort.

There is a great Castle here, too, "set on a frowning rock." A fortress this in the time of Henry VIII, which is now used as a dwelling and is full of valuable and antique features of interest. The views from the island are glorious, reaching far away to the mistily outlined Lammermuirs, taking in the span of the Border Bridge and maybe some vista of Berwick and St. Abb's Head. Those who visit this place once, just long to come again.

And the Farnes, homes of the varied and wonderful birds of the north, here the visitors may explore and see for themselves the pinnacles where the sea-birds cluster, those puffins, guillemots, kittiwakes and

other birds, who are cared for by the lonely "bird watcher" who lives in solitude in a tiny cottage on Brownsman Island. Budle Bay, Seahouses, Berwick, all may easily be visited from beautiful Bamburgh—and found to be all well worth while.

# BYWELL

## A Peep into Arcadia

Visitors alighting at the little country station of Stocksfield-on-Tyne, or arriving by 'bus, or motor, little think what awaits them nearby, where beyond the beautiful bridge which spans the Tyne—seen here in one of its fairest aspects—Bywell, old and beautiful, awaits, just a lovely patch of Arcadia preserved to the modern world, where amidst all the chances and changes of time and fortune a bit of beautiful old Northumbria awaits, full of peace and quiet, where one can well expect to find nature lovers revelling, poets dreaming, and historians and antiquarians glad indeed. For Bywell is a place of great antiquity, set amidst the fairest scenery imaginable of river, tree and wood; indeed its great oaks are so old and so beautiful that they are known as the " Kings of Bywell," which truly do o'ershadow the pleasant land.

Once an old Roman bridge crossed the Tyne, over which the inhabitants from the countryside round came to the little village, which had already a Saxon church dedicated to St. Wilfrid, while the famous Guy de Baliol was Lord of the Manor. From his family the barony passed to the Nevilles, then for a time it belonged to the Crown, finally becoming the property of the Fenwick family of Fenwick Tower, and now being owned by Lord Allendale.

The ivy-covered old fortress known as Bywell Castle first attracts attention as it rises on its eminence overlooking the wide river. It is the gate-tower of an unfinished castle of the Nevilles, and was built in the fifteenth century. It is a very fine structure three

stories high, with four turrets, surrounded by trees which in springtime are most beautiful with verdant green, and in autumn glow with reds and browns unequalled in all the county, and this old fortress is portrayed in picture and painting, and adds very greatly to the beauty of this romantic spot.

Of the ancient village of Bywell nothing now remains but Bywell House, the old "White Horse Inn," the two churches and St. Peter's Vicarage. Bywell House, which is now used as a country residence, and is famed far and wide for its most beautiful garden, so old-world, and so picturesque that the passer-by never fails to halt and gaze with fascinated eyes on a real old English garden full of gay flowers, spreading trees, wonderfully-kept lawns, and at one end a cherry-tree, which, when in blossom, is the glory of the country-side, shedding its white petals like snowflakes on the ground. Still inside the house remnants of olden days remain, and on a pane in the glass over the door is pointed out a "White Horse" which was the sign of days gone by.

Passing by this lovely garden on the white road alongside which the river placidly runs, the remains of an old village cross may be seen on what was once the site of the village, which was inhabited by iron-workers, who made stirrups, bits, etc., for the horsemen who had work enough in keeping away the invaders from Tyne-dale who came to steal sheep and cattle. The river, too, often troubled these ancient dwellers, who were often driven to great straits by its sudden risings—one time history relates that the only way to save the horses of the village was to stable them in the adjacent church —and to-day may be seen on the steps of Bywell houses dates cut into them recording the recent risings of the Tyne.

And the two churches of Bywell—now indeed the visitor is on hallowed and historic ground, and stands amazed at the sight, so beautiful and so unique, a step straight out of the world to the days of the past.

Two old churches, set in a frame of trees close by the river, far from the noise of life, and all around them the resting-places of many generations, these Bywell churches with their ivy, their architecture and their

beauty—far indeed would one wander to find their like again.

Tradition tells of sisters quarrelling, and founding each her own church. History assigns other reasons for their proximity, but whatever their true story, there they stand dedicated respectively to St. Peter and St. Andrew, served originally by the Black Monks and the White Canons.

Here is St. Andrew's, the "White Church"; it stands on the very site of St. Wilfrid's Saxon church, and shows that fact in its tower. History says that in this church at "Bignell" Egbert, the twelfth Bishop of Lindisfarne, was consecrated in the year 803 by Archbishop Eanbald. There is not a great deal of the original church left now, but the three-light window of the chancel, the Squint window, and the piscina, and in the porch the old water-stoup, but antiquity seems to reign within and without this old small House of God with its wonderful sepulchral slabs built into its outer walls. See St. Andrew's in moonlight, its old square tower outlined against the sky, and the moon-beams lighting up the adjacent garden of the old inn, and fairer scene cannot be found.

St. Peter's, the "Black Church," is also very old; it is supposed to have been built early in the eleventh century, and is in the early Norman style of architecture. Here is a fine embattled tower in which two very old bells hang, both bearing Latin inscriptions, one especially interesting being "*Tu es Petrus*," "Thou art Peter," followed by all the letters of the alphabet.

Small clerestory windows, the chantry, the leper-window, the long narrow chancel, the effigy of a knight in armour, now bereft of heraldic emblem or name, these are all fascinating, as indeed is the whole building, whether viewed from an antiquarian's or an artist's eye, and visitors never fail to leave these two old churches without feeling that they have had a vision of the past which will not easily be forgotten.

The old Vicarage of St. Peter's stands in another beautiful garden. It, too, has historic associations and is another stopping-place where visitors pause to admire and dream a while.

Bywell Hall, the residence of Lord Allendale, is a fine stone mansion, with a magnificent lawn in front of it. Here, indeed, are grounds full of exceptionally fine trees, English elms, great oaks, lime trees, walnut, sycamore and fragrant pines.

Painters love to linger at Bywell, and pictures of the fine-arched bridge, the world-famed churches, the old inn, the river and the trees, have been represented on many a canvas by many a master's hand. Stocksfield, which is the usual starting place for Bywell, is also a beauty spot of no small fame; its woods are very beautiful, the river very picturesque, it is full of beautiful walks, and has become increasingly popular of recent years. Many picturesque houses are owned by Newcastle and district people, and to meet the needs of the residents on what is called the New Estate, a modern church has been built, as the old churches two miles away at Bywell are too far distant, and almost too small for the new inrush of people. So those who wish for Arcadia may find it here, amidst what the poet beautifully puts it in describing the pleasant land of Bywell:

"Images of red,
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between."

# CHARM OF CORBRIDGE

## An Ancient Haunt of Peace

Only seventeen miles west of Newcastle, Corbridge is one of the most picturesque and interesting of all Northumberland's villages. It may well be said to be a riverside village, for it lies along the Tyne, which seems to have left its work and smoke behind it, and ripples over its stony bed, or rests in deep stillness and full of beautiful reflections.

Corbridge was at a very early period the site of an important Roman station called Corstopitum, which is supposed to be the Latinized form of an even earlier name Cærstobadh, which meant a fortress or town.

This station occupied an eminence near the Cor Burn, about six hundred yards west from the village, and was reached by a bridge whose foundations may still be seen when the water is very low and clear; hence the name of the present day, a heritage of the past Corbridge. It is supposed to have been made into a station by Agricola when he raised a line of forts between the Solway Firth and the Tyne, and its extent was about twenty acres.

Here still may be seen the old Watling Street, so full of history and romance, and here, too, have been found many valuable Roman remains, altars, monumental inscribed stones, pottery, seats, coins, etc.

Corbridge is, indeed, a village full of historic interest of exceptional magnitude, and visitors from every part of the world come to it, and wax enthusiastic over its many treasures. "The Corbridge Lanx," discovered in 1734 by a little girl who was gathering sticks, is one of the greatest antiquities which Corstopitum possesses. It is a large silver

dish, rather like a tea tray, weighing nearly one hundred and fifty ounces, and adorned by figures of Apollo, Vesta, Juno, Minerva and Diana, each with his or her proper symbols. The site of this station is a Mecca to which many pilgrims find their way.

A great number of bones having been excavated points to the fact that a Roman cemetery was at Corbridge, skeletons and grave covers having also been found.

In Saxon times it was a place of great importance, and it is even said that a royal residence was there. In 771 there was a monastery, very probably presided over by St. Wilfrid when he ruled over the See of Hexham.

David, King of Scotland, encamped with his army there in 1138, and in 1201 King John visited the town, which in the space of fifty years suffered three terrible visitations, being burnt by Wallace in 1296, by Bruce in 1312, and by David II in 1346.

There is a field known to this day as "Bloody Acres," where a terrible battle was fought at a date which is not quite certain. Well, indeed, might this place have a pele tower, which forms still one of the most interesting features of the village. It stands in all its old grey sternness not many yards from the church, and is remarkable for the state of perfection which obtains inside it. Three stories in height, its old staircases may be climbed; its window slits are perfect, the fireplace in the main apartment and the stone book rest still to be seen.

And the Parish Church—dedicated to St. Andrew—is an intensely interesting building, for it occupies the site of the monastery of 771, and is mentioned in many a rare old record of Northumberland. This church is one of the very few in the county which still retains some remnants of Saxon work, but Scottish raiders left their traces on it, and its history is one of many spoliations and frequent re-building and restoration.

To-day it appears a beautiful country church, beautifully kept and most inviting-looking, its doors and windows open to the sun, a blending indeed of all that is venerable and ancient, with modern require-

ments and country beauty. It is seldom empty, for crowds of tourists visit it, but its silence is hardly broken by their reverent undertones.

The Market Cross, replacing an old one in 1810, is a fine piece of work and a great addition to the old market place. The ancient market cross had a finely carved Roman altar for its base, which is now in the possession of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries.

The bridge which spans the Tyne is also worth inspection; its seven wide arches are very strong and fine. This bridge was built in 1674, and it is remarkable as being the only bridge on the Tyne which survived the dreadful floods of 1771, when the river rose to such a height that it is said the inhabitants leaned over the bridge and washed their hands in the water.

Riverside walks abound in this charming village; great stretches of grassy banks with flowers and sweet-smelling clover abound. There are shady walks and winding ways, and a holiday here could both charm and interest, for every day could be filled in with fresh pleasures—boating, walking, slacking by the shining water, or tracing the story of the past. Corbridge has a lure all its own, and a natural beauty which artists do full justice to.

And it is a centre, too, for many delightful excursions. Old Hexham is within walking distance, or may be reached in a few minutes by 'bus or train, and here the visitor may revel for not one but many a summer's day; or, going farther still, may arrive at Allendale, where "moorland air sweeps free and strong," or Staward Peel, or even Alston, place of altitude and beauty.

Nearer at hand to Corbridge is Aydon Castle. This way lies through fields which reach the old fortified mansion which is now used as a farmhouse; its stables are provided with stone walls and mangers to protect the animals from Scottish raiders' fires. Inside the house are some wonderful fourteenth century fireplaces and old carved windows.

A mile away are the ruins of Dilston Castle, which was the home of the Radcliffes, Earls of Derwentwater, whose stories are second to none in all the

annals of the North. Here, too, is the lovely "Devil's Water," where the visitor may take the most entrancing walk in solitude and beauty, past wild wooded slopes, with deep pools in the shade below. The "Devil's Water" has hung in many a picture gallery, either in its gay moods when dancing over the rocks, or in its serious moments when flowing quietly amidst the shadows.

But only a few of this Corbridge's attractions can be noted in a descriptive article. They would fill a volume of delight, but those who go to that lovely and pleasant land will find it all, and more than pen can tell, a veritable paradise to which, like the pathetic last of the Derwentwaters, one sighs to bid farewell, and often in vision sees again, and like him cries, "Oh, carry me to Northumberland, not in London let me die."

# CASTLE EDEN DENE

## The Famous Clefted Rocks at Blackhall

Of all the little ravines which are to be found on the eastern side of County Durham, by far the largest and most beautiful is Castle Eden Dene.

Like a little gem set in a plain and somewhat dull surrounding, this fair bit of Nature's handiwork is four miles long, and in it are many spots that are well worth seeing, and which call forth both astonishment and admiration from visitors.

That an old castle once stood in the Dene is well known, but its site is now practically forgotten, though tradition claims that it was held by Robert Bruce, an ancestor of King Robert of Scotland.

In those far-off days the Monks of St. Cuthbert received a grant of land on condition that they built a chapel in the Dene, and here the lordly Castle reared its head above the beautiful trees and the little chapel was wellnigh hidden amongst their spreading branches.

And round about were clustering huts and cottages wherein lived the peasantry who toiled on the land owned by their feudal lord, and watched him set forth on a stag hunt, or maybe bowed their heads reverently as the Monks from Durham passed their dwellings.

Great cliffs guarded the little Dene then, as they do now; woods and belts of dark yews lend a sombre air to the spot, while for music there is the trickle of the streamlet, or the rush of the cascades over their rocky descent.

The Gunner's Pool, the Devil's Stones and Robert Bruce's Ladder, are all famous features of the scenery. Visitors are told that the Devil was carrying stones

across the pool in his apron when the string broke and they all fell out.

The reason for his activity in carrying these stones is not definitely given, but local tradition has it that he was trying to help to build the chapel possibly, therefore, his intention was intercepted by a fate which forbade his taking part in such work.

Why the great chasm which attracts many a rock climber should be named Bruce's Ladder is not explained, but all these curious features are very wonderful, and part of the hidden beauty of this bit of Durham's coastland bears a strange likeness to the south coast of Cornwall, with the same bare, high ground inland, and its great clefted rocks and ravines seaward.

Eden, the name by which this part is called, is of remarkably interesting derivation, and is a familiar name in County Durham, where the Edens of Windlestone Hall hold an old and honoured name, to which the recently resigned Bishop of Wakefield—Dr. Eden —belongs. He once was chaplain to the great Bishop Lightfoot, and afterwards vicar of old Bishop Auckland.

Originally " Yoden," or " Godene," of Danish fame, this name in the old form is mentioned in history before the Conquest, and is a revered one in the County Palatine. It is well worth a visit, this placid beauty spot, easily reached nowadays by the ubiquitous 'bus, and beautiful whether it be seen in springtime, with its green freshness, in the glow of summer, or even better still when autumn's tones are on trees and slopes.

No place in the county has a more beautiful aspect than this Dene when garbed in reds and golds and browns, and even in winter there is a wonderful beauty when it is covered with snow, and its show trees are bare in the setting sun.

To the south there is the small dene of Monk Hesleden, this name, too, suggesting some connection with Durham.

And between the two denes are the famous Blackhall Rocks, where many visitors congregate, and who, could they but speak, could echo many well-known names of choir trips of long bygone days, when from Bishop

Auckland the choir would go accompanied by men who have left a name behind them—Bishop Wilkinson, Dean Willink, Bishop Eden, already alluded to, and many a splendid layman, and in homes all round the county photographs of these gatherings at Blackhall Rocks hang on the walls in memory of those "good old days."

They are huge rocks, too, grim-looking, and not unlike those of Roker, with a similar hole right through them. Seen in a storm they present a very fine appearance and are certainly as picturesque as any to be found on the coast of Durham, that coast which seems to be less visited lately, and of which an American lady, who was told to be sure to visit Blackhall Rocks, exclaimed, "Now I never guessed Durham would have a coast." It has, and a very fine one too.

Yet another dene is at the mouth of Hawthorne Burn, a charming, wooded retreat, and near by is the village of Easington, a place of great antiquity and full of history. Its church, dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, built towards the end of the thirteenth century, stands on a hill above the village, and is a celebrated landmark for sailors.

Here Bernard Gilpin, the "Apostle of the North," was once rector, and here are to be seen many wonders of architecture, effigies, woodwork of the time of Bishop Cosin, old square pews, and many interesting remains of old days.

An old helmet may be seen in the vestry bearing the date 1664, while amongst the parish archives is a copy of the "Solemn League and Covenant" taken in 1645, whose signatures are mostly marks.

During the Civil Wars the Scots were quartered at Easington, where they found "pretty good quarters for their horses."

There is an old and fascinating Rectory House, and traces of old architecture of a very interesting description, including remains which are said to have come from Bishop Langley's great gateway at Durham.

Horden Hall, about a mile and a half away, should not be missed. It stands on the ancient site of the seat of the Fitz-Marmadukes. It is now a farmhouse, and round it history clings since the day when Ethred the

Abbot bought it as one of the " Vills " which he gave to the Church of St. Cuthbert, its former owner being King Guthred.

The present house is full of beautiful carvings and wonderful woodwork, and the staircase alone is well worth a visit.

And so, whether by land or on her coast, the old county is very rich in beauty, history and dignity, and the tale of a great past. The County Palatine is full of these lovely places, which give those who visit them a strong impression of an air of ancient grandeur which cannot pass unfelt.

It is a county of strong and high austerity and beauty intermingled, and those who are fortunate to own it as their native heath may well be proud of belonging to this great, this mighty Dunelm.

# CHILLINGHAM

## With Falloden and Chatton

"To add to my satisfaction," says Sir Walter Scott in a letter to a friend dated August 26, 1791, "I find I am amongst places renowned by the feats of former days, which are within the compass of a forenoon's ride." Amongst these he mentions Chillingham Castle, which stands in that part of the Borderland which is the most romantic spot in the British Islands. Swinburne characterizes it as "the lordly strand of Northumberland."

Here are rivers, valleys, moors, commons, mountains, fertile fields and running streams, indeed, all Nature fairest, a part whence Border ballads sprung, a district where raiders came to pillage and steal, and fortified castles stood, and pele towers guarded the inhabitants.

Chillingham Castle was one of the finest and most noted of these "Houses of Defence," a great grey quadrangle, with heavy towers at the four corners standing on the bank of the Chillingham burn; once there was a moat here which probably circled the old castle on every side.

Never stale would life be in this castle, adventure would be rife, fierce raids frequent, blood feuds and private wars, watchers ready at the ford, beacon fires all set for firing on the hills.

The master of Chillingham was a Border lord, his home at once a stronghold and an architectural glory. In Tudor times the old castle was put into "measurable repair," large corridors were added and vast state-rooms. Chillingham is a castle of mystery, of old stairways and fireplaces, of windows and ancient

remains, which time and each renovation bring to light, and of which it is said that as each coating is stripped off its walls some fresh beauty or remnant of its old history is brought to light.

Chillingham and its wild cattle are household words; Sir Edward Landseer has made these animals famous throughout the world, while George Culley has described in full detail their strange habits and many peculiarities. Far away in Cadwallader Bates' time this herd of cattle was famous, for he wrote of "Ye Beasts in ye Park, my Lord's" and described their appearance at great length in his book "The Border Holds of Northumberland."

And the nature lover will revel at Chillingham; wild life flourishes there free and untrammelled, for its situation is wild, just outside the great Cheviots, while in its park many wild things find sanctuary. Owls and literally thousands of birds are to be found by night and day. It is no new harbour for these wild things; probably they have frequented the place for many centuries, as it is thought that this park has been enclosed since the thirteenth century.

And about seven miles away is Falloden, the country home of Lord Grey, an estate stretching between the sea-shore and the moors. Here is a little stream where Lord Grey learned to fish.

Falloden was once one of the most notable brick houses in England, but during the war was accidentally destroyed by fire; it has, however, been rebuilt in the same style. Falloden was the birthplace of Earl Grey of the Reform Bill, who, however, was latterly more associated with Howick where he died.

A mile and a half farther on is Chatton on the river Till, a clean, wholesome, really English village which boasts of two peles, in one of which Edward I stayed in 1291 and 1292.

Chatton has a long and interesting story interwoven with olden days and affording many glimpses into the characters and manners of the people who dwelt there in the fifteenth and following centuries.

It, too, boasted of its wild animals, which were probably the same as the Chillingham wild cattle. In 1368 its manor was ruined, and records which relate to this

spoliation also speak of a place named "Kelsowe," where there was a park of wild animals of great size.

That the inhabitants lived under a strict rule is apparent from the same record, in which two entries mention: "Ralph Hebborme for stealing wheat was pronounced a thafe and amerced for his fault 3/4, his wife being a scold 3/4 also." "Jane Martin, wif was executed for a wich." Poor soul, her fate was only sealed after she had been dragged to Newcastle in a cart to answer for her deeds at the Assizes.

Chatton had a poet too, James Service, who sang mostly of his own beloved county, Northumbria. Perhaps his greatest poem was "The Wandering Knight," which dealt with the legend of Dunstanburgh Castle.

His death occurred far from his well-loved home, at Sunderland, where sadly he wrote:

> "No more I gaze upon my native Cheviots' peaks
> Breaking the soft blue of the summer sky."

Four lines of his, too, show how his poetic soul revelled in this land 'twixt sea and moor. They are addressed "To Northumberland," his Elysium, his Arcadia.

> "O'er all thy wilds from Tweed's remotest vurge,
> To where the Tyne rolls blithe to ocean's surge,
> No son of thine, how rude so e'er his heart,
> But feels it swell to what thou wast and art."

# DURHAM

## Capital of the County Palatine

Birthplace of religion, art and literature, Durham, i.e., "Dun-holm," from the Anglo-Saxon meaning the "hill on an island," is the centre of the old historical County Palatinate, and as such is the place where the Assizes are held, the diocese governed, and the University finds its home. It is no exaggeration to say that Durham easily holds the palm amongst the many beautiful cities in England, viewed from whichever standpoint. Ruskin exclaimed as he passed through Durham station: "No other place can present such a view; see that Cathedral bathed in blue mist, it is superb," while Turner loved the old city, and left many a picture of it in brilliant sunset, or looming out of the cold grey shadows of evening. Its streets are narrow, steep and tortuous, cobbled and in many parts extremely old.

Founded in 995, this city is knit up with monks and friars, with saints, and closely connected with those great Prince Bishops who ruled from Humber to Tweed, not only in their religious capacity, but as secular rulers also, their retinues and style of living being very great. Rather pathetic just at this time is the view of Durham Castle propped up by great stones, for it gives signs of falling and there is the danger that it may slip into the Wear, which is so beautiful at Durham, and adds so greatly to the beauty of the city. An appeal has been issued for funds and many meetings held in order to prevent this disaster happening.

The castle stands on the north side of the Palace Green, and is reached over the site of the ancient moat and through the beautiful old gateway. Inside

this is the early Norman Keep, rebuilt in 1840, then come Bishop Tunstall's chapel and staircase, the students' rooms, Bishop Cosin's great staircase, the Great Hall and the celebrated kitchen, with its two enormous fireplaces. It was Bishop Pudsey who built this Great Hall and kitchen, and his arms may be seen on the buttery hatch, a pelican feeding her young.

Many historical pictures are to be seen in Durham Castle, including some very fine ones of the old ecclesiastics. Here, too, are the State Apartments used by the Judges, which are hung with old and beautiful tapestry.

The Palace Green is a wide gravel-covered area between the castle and the cathedral. In the Middle Ages executions, trials by combat, the punishment of scolds and great Corpus Christi processions took place here. It is surrounded by many historic old buildings, including the museum with its Roman remains from Vinivium, Bishop Nevill's Exchequer, now the University Library, Bishop Cosin's Library, which contains many valuable books, and the Old Grammar School.

And Durham Cathedral, where artists like Ruskin and Turner feared almost to tread, no fool dare rush in with an attempt at a word-picture of such a wonderful, such a magnificent place. Built on a high headland, surrounded on three sides by the clear, placid Wear, into whose depths the trees of its banks are reflected in wonderful beauty, this great cathedral is absolutely a sermon in stones, a history writ in architecture and splendour, a picture beyond description. It grips the heart of the visitor and lays the spell of its grandeur upon one and all, it is "Durham's stately pile," reigning supreme among the cathedrals of England, it attracts thousands of visitors and is one of the few remaining Norman cathedrals which are left to England. The present building was begun by Bishop William de St. Canliph, the Conqueror's second prelate, but long before that Durham had its Mother Church, first only a building of "wattled boughs," then a White Church in which rested the body of the great St. Cuthbert, and then an Abbey

Church which was superseded by the present "great pile." Here indeed are glories of architecture, wonderfully carved columns, clerestory, triforium, beautiful cloisters, ancient chapter house, crypt and the world-famed Galilee Chapel, originally built by Bishop Pudsey for women, the great rose window, the tracery, the carvings and mouldings, pillars, arches—nay, no word-picture can attempt to tell of its beauties.

Outside its great Central Tower with the small "kink" where the side pinnacles end the wonderful stone-lace edging of the two western towers, the outline is so stately, so wonderfully dignified, so perfect in proportion, so grand in simplicity that this cathedral may well be known as the most glorious in a land very rich in architectural gems.

Hear the chimes ring out at dusk, or stand awe-stricken inside its mighty door when the great roof echoes with the roll of the organ or the passing sweetness of boys' voices, and then Durham may be enjoyed and its spell realized. Its great north door on which is the huge knocker with its demon face fashioned in iron, is known throughout the world, that place of sanctuary for many a terror-stricken man or woman in days of yore; for here every night a light was placed inside the head, which shone out through the sockets of the eyes and guided the miserable wretch to the handle which he clutched, and the guardians in the chamber alone opened the door and admitted him into safety.

Here the shrines may be seen of St. Cuthbert of which Sir Walter Scott wrote, of St. Bede whose remains rest in the Galilee; here the echoes of the curfew bell may be heard, and here are tattered colours and blood-stained flags borne by Durham's sons, while a beautiful Memorial Chapel stands to the honour of those who fell in the Great War.

Wander for a while through the cloisters, and people them again with gentle monks, visit the crypt and see amongst other curious relics the vertebræ of a whale strung along a pole, symbol, so men say, of the Bishops' ancient foreshore rights, and then pass out through the massive gateway with its groined

roof, which opens also on the College, and feel that a day has been spent amidst surroundings unparalleled and undreamed of.

Below these towering heights are two bridges, the "Prebends" and a footbridge. Along the riverside is a most beautiful walk, especially in autumn-tide when the paths are bestrewn with golden leaves, and the outlines of the great cathedral are seen through the leafless trees. Houses are built of every description, with gardens running down to the river, the Elvet Bridge and its surroundings making a picture of great beauty, and the bridge itself is one of the most picturesque bits of old Durham now to be seen.

One little steep, cobbled street calls forth wonder and amazement—Silver Street—it is so quaint, so old-world that it inspires admiration, and Durham cannot be properly visited without traversing this curious little narrow street.

Framwellgate Bridge, over which runs the North Road, and Framwellgate, show clear signs of ancient splendour, and away farther on is the graceful viaduct on whose height one of the most perfect panoramic views may be obtained of the great cathedral, the old castle walls and the ancient city, the very pride of England, the old Palatinate capital.

The Wear, too, is an ancient river fringed with trees rising up tier after tier. Boating is greatly indulged in, and Durham Regatta, first inaugurated in 1834, is a notable event in the North Country, while the boys from Durham School, the choristers, the students from the University, all love the river and row on every possible occasion, and all the world over are men who look back to their stay in the grey old city as the best part of their lives.

Durham, city of antiquity, history and ecclesiastical splendour, striking and impressive, capital of a county which apart from the city is in itself princely and of unrivalled character, rich in old castles, full of the aroma of religion, home of industrial greatness and birthplace of some of the Empire's noblest sons, the County Palatine and its mother city claims, and not in vain, pre-eminence amidst England's most famed places.

Graven for ever in the mind one picture of the old city lies: twilight, and a great golden October moon full behind the cathedral towers, in the distance a blue haze half veiling the old castle and houses, trees, crimson and gold in their autumnal beauty, somewhere bells pealing on the Sabbath air, and over all that indescribable charm which only comes at sunset and is so great amidst "grey buildings and towers of long ago."

# DARLINGTON

## The Quaker Town and its Lovely Walks

According to tradition Darlington gains its name from the many flat meadows or "Ings" which surround its placid river, the Skerne, which was called in old times the "Dare," though some affirm that it is a corruption of the old term "Deor" or "Deir," meaning a place of wild animals. Be that as it may, it is an historic old town closely associated with the story of the northern Quaker families, and surrounded by many very lovely beauty-spots. "The High Row" attracts the attention of strangers at once, as it is a somewhat unique street, on the one side flanked by a raised pavement where goods shops await customers, on the other by the market place, wide and old, whose great glory is the fine parish church dedicated to St. Cuthbert, which ranks as the most important church in the diocese except the cathedral at Durham.

An earlier church once occupied this site as evidenced by the Saxon crosses and stones to be seen preserved in the church; it is known that the present church was in process of building in 1192, and that it was finished before the year 1200. It is well worth a visit, for it contains features of remarkable interest both from an architectural and an historical point of view. At the back of the altar there are some beautiful pictures in mosaic work exquisitely done. There is an Easter sepulchre dating 1450, windows which betray the Norman element, and two which are thought to be "Leper's windows."

There is some rich and beautifully-carved woodwork in the priests' seats of the chancel, and there are many relics of bygone days of great interest.

Darlington possesses a fine park, and its wide, tree-shaded road makes the outskirts of the town very picturesque. The old Quaker school of Polam still exists, where many girls have received their education and gone out to bring fame to their old school.

But if Darlington is attractive, and as a centre it is excellent, what of the lovely little places which are within 'bus, train, or even walking distance. Croft Spa is but three and a quarter miles away and is just a delightful walk on a bracing spring day, past Blackwell Grange with its beautiful trees amidst which the rooks caw noisily—stately Blackwell, once the property of the great Neville family, and strongly fortified during the rising of the north—on past the "Hell Kettles," weird, ghostly and lone, three solitary pools whose origin has been the subject of much discussion and ghostly legend, and so on to Croft, that bright, sunny, warm little village, half in Durham County and half, over the bridge which spans the river, in Yorkshire. The Spa here is old and well known, its waters are said to be quite as good as those of Harrogate—sulphur, saline and chalybeate all together—while near and far stretch beautiful woods, gay in springtime with primroses and scented with white violets.

Beyond the bridge under which the Tees flows beautifully, stands the old church of St. Peter, known since the fourteenth century, but also the site of two previous churches. Here the old porch, the curious carvings, the great old elevated pews of the Halnaby Estate, and the Chaytor family was once here too, but it has been removed. The old tombs, crests, etc., are all delightful to study, while the traces of another building, probably a hermitage, lead to much speculation. The Rectory at Croft has a beautiful approach and garden, and has become famous for the fact that Lewis Carroll, the writer of "Alice in Wonderland," had very close associations with it. Just a sweet little country village this, truly English, and one which attracts many visitors.

Hurworth, too, is a fine village, old and stately. Here Emerson, the great mathematician, was born; his house may still be seen. Hurworth Church is beautifully situated, and there are some fine old houses with

lovely gardens, and the whole village is rendered beautiful by its shading trees.

Another lovely little hamlet is Neasham. There the Tees is very beautiful and apt to rise in spate, and sometimes even flood the adjacent houses. There is a ford here where the "Ceremony of the Falchion" took place till quite recently, and also the procession with St. Cuthbert's body crossed the river at this point. Neasham, too, is beautifully wooded, another little English village. One great point of interest is Neasham Abbey, now, alas, so much restored that its ancient appearance has almost gone. It was formerly the possession of a Benedictine Order of Nuns, and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

On again, if more beauty spots are desired, to follow the river which is beautifully girt with trees, through tiny Eryholme, where Eugene Aram's ancestors are said to have taken their name, on to Sockburn, full of ancient history, and still noted for the "Sockburn Worm," whose story may be read in the old records of the district, past the Fish Locks to Dinsdale, still keeping near the rippling Tees and revelling in the leafy shades of the trees.

Dinsdale and Middle-ton-One Row are lovely little places. A small spa, glorious woods, sunshine and flowers, well-kept farms and stretching meadows, this is the impression these spots leave in the mind, and the phrase—so oft quoted and so very true—just fits them:

> "Far from the world's ignoble strife,
> Far from the madding crowd."

So they are, even in these days of easy transit.

Another dignified old village one and a half miles from Darlington is Houghton-le-Skerne. In it history has left its mark. Many skeletons have been found in the churchyard, pointing to a very early village on this spot. The church has been much restored, but had for its Rector about the year 1720, Bishop Butler, author of the "Analogy of Religion," who was one of the old Bishops of Durham and whose portrait hangs amongst the other old prelates on the walls of the drawing-room at Auckland.

Castle Haughton leaves memories of grass-covered

land, great spreading trees, a wide road, and the song of birds. In short, all these Teesside beauty spots possess a rural beauty all their own; they have all the glory of that pleasant land amidst which the river passes, they are placid, and seem, in the hurry and bustle of modern life, to have lagged in the march, and survive as mementoes of what the County Palatine villages were in the good old days when the Prince Bishops ruled and the old county was very quiet and truly " rural."

# FORD AND ETAL

## Amidst Arcadia's Charms

One thinks of Longfellow's words, "The loveliest village of the plain," when attempting a description of beautiful little Ford. Feudal indeed its aspect as it lies between the castle and the highway; through it a broad carriage-drive passes, its edges covered with grass. Here are cheery looking cottages; homes such as our colonials love to visualize in many a far-off land; gardens full of old-world flowers, so trim and so pretty that the village has well been called "Northumberland's Arcadia."

The post office is a charming little building where one would imagine most of the few links with the busy world are forged, and the school-room calls for special attention as a place where rosy country children may be educated in the peace and quietude of these rustic surroundings.

The interior of this school-room is very interesting. Its walls are decorated in a unique fashion by a series of frescoes, which illustrate the lives of good children of the Bible. The faces of these children were all those of scholars of this village school, and there is still one, at least, left living in Ford whose picture hangs among these frescoes. The entire end of the room is covered with a large fresco of Christ blessing little children. They were the gift of the Marchioness of Waterford, who at one time owned Ford Castle.

The schoolmaster shows a visitors' book with great pride, and he may well be proud of it, for it contains autographs of many great people, including that of the great Bishop Lightfoot, the Duke of Teck, Mr. Gladstone, the late Queen of the Netherlands, Sir Edwin Landseer and many others of equal fame.

And Ford Castle, that fine old Border stronghold which was built in 1287 by Colonel de Forde; its situation as it rises above the River Till is very fine, and its views are wide-spreading and varied, for from it Wooler is seen, the pine-clad heights of Flodden plainly visible, and away in the distance the high ridges of the Cheviots.

Extensive alterations were made to the castle by the Marchioness of Waterford in 1861. These were so successfully carried out that they restored to the old building a great deal of its early grandeur. With its old square tower, its vast courtyard, and its fine line of buildings, Ford is one of the finest of the Border castles, and was of immense military value in early days. It is also important as being the earliest example, between the Tees and the Tweed, of a quadrangular building with a square tower at each corner, though later on it was copied in many other districts, as at Chillingham and Lumley.

Ford Castle has a long and stirring history; it is linked up with Border history, it has been taken, demolished, rebuilt, and sacked, and again restored; it has a long connection with many great Northumbrian families, the Delavals, the Blakes, Carrs and Herons, and it is now owned by Lord Joicey, whose name is so closely associated with the old county.

The most interesting part of the castle is the north-west tower, which is part of the fourteenth century fortress. Climbing up an old staircase in the thickness of the wall, one is shown a room in which King James IV of Scotland is said to have slept. This fact is proclaimed by an inscription on the chimney-piece which bears the Arms of Scotland and the following words:

"King James Ye 4th of Scotland
Did lye Here at Ford Castle
A.D. 1513."

Visitors are apt to exclaim with delight when they gaze from the window of this room and see the view stretched out before their eyes. Flodden Field in all its historic sombreness, and a magnificent vista far and wide. In the lower part of the tower there is

a vaulted chamber known as the "dungeon," and it certainly answers in many respects to the usual idea of one of these early-day places of gloomy imprisonment.

There are many beautiful apartments in the castle, superbly decorated. The ceilings are particularly fine with their delicate tracery and ornamentation, while there are many wonderful stained glass windows showing family armorial bearings. The Flagstaff Tower and King James's Tower call for special notice, as does a corner turret now fitted up as an armoury.

The grounds, and especially the gardens, are exceptionally beautiful, the flowers in summer being the wonder of the countryside. Outside the chief entrance there is a fountain on which stands the figure of St. Michael; this commemorates the memory of Henry, Marquis of Waterford, who died in 1859.

And Ford Church, dedicated to St. Michael, is worth inspecting, for though it underwent considerable restoration in 1853, yet the work was so well carried out that the old charm of the early building was not lost. As far back as 1500 the old bell-tower here was a noted feature of the landscape round, as it is still, and the greenery which clings to it only enhances its picturesque appearance. In the south aisle there was a chantry; part of it still remains, and in it may be seen the tombs of Lord Frederick Fitz-Clarence and his only daughter. There is a beautiful stained-glass window in the chancel. A curious broken effigy was discovered in the church some years ago, on which the letters "Quondamdnatrix" can be traced.

The churchyard contains some very old tombstones, one monumental slab bearing what appears to be some small Northumbrian pipes. Another old stone bears the date 1586.

Ford Forge about a mile and a quarter beyond the church was a once very popular centre of life in industry, where spades were made which were sent to many parts of the world. It was built in 1769.

And so on for another three-quarters of a mile into the lovely little village of Etal. Here indeed is another glimpse of rustic beauty; Arcadia once more. The cottages here, in many instances, are thatched, and the visitor stands entranced, watching the blue

smoke curling up to the sky, while the sun shines on the red virginia creeper and the purple clematis which clings to the antique walls. The little gardens are just full of marigolds, hollyhocks, larkspur—all the old-world favourites—and the air is filled with Nature's own incense, southernwood, lavender, thyme and cottage herbs. Here, too, Lord Joicey is owner, and the village bears that dignified, well-cared-for appearance which Ford presents.

Etal Manor, built by Sir William Carr in 1748, is a fine residence. In its grounds there is a most beautiful little church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. It was built and endowed by the Right Honourable Lady Augusta Fitz-Clarence in 1850 in memory of her husband and child. The interior is very striking; the roof particularly fine, literally blazing with gold and rich colourings.

On a steep bank overhanging the river are the ruins of Etal Castle, an old Edwardian stronghold, owned by the de Manners family, and known at any rate as far back as 1179. The entrance-tower is still standing, showing the wonder of early military architecture. Near it are two guns which once belonged to the ill-fated *Royal George*. Etal was one of the castles destroyed by James IV of Scotland previous to the Battle of Flodden. It has never been restored, but its ruins are most fascinating, and are visited by great numbers of people who are lured all round this district so full of historic interest and ancient stories.

An old bridge which spans the Till is of interest, as probably the Scottish artillery was carried over it to Etal after the Battle of Flodden. Farther down by the beautiful riverside Etal Mill is passed, and the moss-covered ruins of St. Mary's Chantry, dating about 1346, are seen. Here, during some excavations, a human skull was found in which a wren had built her nest. A drink of the pure water from St. Mary's Well, nectar indeed, to the traveller, and on again along "The bonnie banks o' Till," where "Big Nicol," a great crag, is noted standing between Tiptoe Mill and Tiptoe Throat, the local name for this bit of the river.

And so the end of a gorgeous excursion comes, one never to be forgotten. Just a peep into old-world rusticity, charming beyond description. Maybe it is by motor the visitor is returning, possibly by 'bus to Wooler, or it may be by some conveyance to Cornhill, which is the nearest railway station, just five miles away.

# FINCHALE PRIORY

## St. Godric's Wearside Home

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery by which Finchale Priory is surrounded. Lying in a bend of the winding Wear, whose banks are steep and covered with beautiful hanging trees, the building in its picturesque state of ruin is scarcely seen till the visitor is close upon it.

It can be reached by two routes from Durham, one of three and a half miles, the other a good four and a half, while it is very easy of access from Newcastle and the North, especially now when many 'buses pass the road end in which a signpost directs the way to Finchale Abbey.

Far away back to the twelfth century the early history of Finchale begins, for then it became the home of St. Godric, the hermit about whom legend clings. He is supposed to have found wolves and serpents in this place, and to have tamed them by making the sign of the Cross, from which time they became his dear friends.

For sixty years the good Saint lived in this seclusion, drinking the clear river water and eating fish and roots. Here, too, he made himself a little cell, and when the Scottish raiders came—as they constantly did—to ravage and plunder these Northern counties—he remained unharmed.

St. Godric built a tiny oratory and church himself, where many pilgrims were wont to gather; a woodland shrine, indeed, where peace and beauty reigned, its music the bird's song, and its preacher Nature herself—"who truly is God."

But a son of Bishop Pudsey, one of the great Bishops of the See of Durham, who was appointed in 1153, heard of this gentle monk, and awed by the sanctity of his life, built a priory near the Shrine, and gained for it the benefit of the offerings which the pilgrims brought.

This beautiful priory was never quite finished. In St. Godric's time it was a small structure, and it is generally accepted that after his time Canons from Guisborough in Yorkshire lived at Finchale, "that place on the Browney river," which was added to, given grants, held by various ecclesiastics till it finally became a cluster of monastic buildings, Priory, Cloisters and Refectory, Chapter House, Prior's House, Hospitum.

It is supposed that a chapel was especially dedicated to the Patron Saint of Finchale, Mary the Virgin, where the prior and convent of Durham were bound to maintain a priest whose duty was the daily celebration of Mass.

Nowadays, Finchale Priory's nave is roofless, its great sandstone pillars rise against an overshadowing background of trees, and still the Wear ripples on its way over its stony bed just as it did all those centuries ago.

Rough steps are found in the Priory by which the circular, wheel-like summit of one of the pillars can be reached. The windows are nearly all destroyed, though pieces of tracery can be seen. The most interesting of the ruined windows is the oriel in the north wall, which has been built out on a massive, buttress-like projection. The basement of this oriel is known as the "Wishing Stone."

This "Wishing Stone" has been the scene of many proposals from bashful swains, and still much in demand for that purpose. Many happy wives have accepted their husbands at this romantic spot.

Near the ruin is a small tea-house which is well worth a visit, for here genuine girdle-cakes, the "Singing Hinnies" of the North are always to be had, and a rest here is most delightful.

By daylight, Finchale Priory ruins are a delight,

but by moonlight one can only exclaim with Sir Walter Scott in his eulogium on Melrose, and say

> "If thou wouldst see Finchale aright,
> Go visit it by pale moonlight."

It is well worth while.

Indeed, all around this beauty spot there is an air of restful quiet and rural peace. Just opposite Finchale lies Cocker, one of the prettiest of Durham county's stately homes. Here is a bit of old Durham which has been left in its natural beauty, a sequestered spot where in springtime the forget-me-not makes a carpet for the feet, where the daffodils dance in the sunshine, and the saxifrage is golden in its season, while fine old trees abound, the trees of which Durham boasts in such ancient and dignified profusion.

There is a little ford which in olden days was greatly used, and unfortunately attracted the marauding Scots, as it provided an easy way to Finchale Priory. Doubtless St. Godric received many unwelcome visitors by its nearness to his cell.

Like Finchale, Cocker had a very ancient church, and an interesting thing about the fine old house is that it was, for a time, used as a convent for homeless nuns who had been driven out of France.

All round this district is grown the famous Durham mustard, which has become such a universal commodity, something in the soil being particularly suitable for its growth.

There are other places within easy distance of Finchale Priory. Croxdale with its beautiful scenery and river banks, or farther to the west the wild hillside beauty of woods and chines of the coast. Here, too, are to be seen more of Durham's fine trees, the mighty oaks, the great elms, for which the old county was ever famous.

Not very far away lie Lanchester and Witton Gilbert, where dark fir woods stand sentinel. The latter has an old twelfth century church and an old Hospital for Lepers founded in the days of Bishop Pudsey.

Lanchester has one of the most interesting churches

in the county, full of delight for the visitors, while the Roman statue is of surpassing interest, and can easily furnish tourists with material for many an enjoyable hour.

The views about here are indescribably beautiful, and seats are provided whereby strangers may rest as they climb the long ascent named the Peth, and gaze with pleasure at the Vale of Lanchester which lies wide and sweeping before them.

Charming to visualize, fascinating to visit, these out-of-the-way corners of the County Palatine are "sights" which many do not know of, beauties which are seldom sung of, for the old Wear goes on its placid way, and turns and bends as few rivers do, holding in its curves many a gem of scenery.

# GIBSIDE AND THE DERWENT

## A Countryside Which Was Immortalized by Turner

Who shall describe the Derwent, who paint the beauties of Gibside? Pen and brush alike fail, but there are two pictures of it which do it full justice. They are by Turner, who fell in love with the beautiful landscape and immortalized it.

Here, within easy reach of Newcastle, accessible by 'bus, motor, or even a walk from Swalwell or Whickham, is what may be termed "an earthly paradise." There are old woods whose trees stand sentinel on the hills which slope to the Derwent, great ravines and spreading meadows.

Nearer the river the land is cultivated, darkened here and there by grim belts of trees. Here is the top of the Hollow Walk, where glorious views are to be obtained of hills and swards, of avenues and trees, and of the great house of Gibside, owned by the Earl of Strathmore.

Connected with the family of Marley till 1540, it passed, by the marriage of the heiress of the mansion, Elizabeth, to Roger Blakiston, who in turn left it to Elizabeth, his only daughter, ancestress of the first Earl of Strathmore.

Here is the interesting origin of the name Elizabeth, so prized in England now as held by a Royal lady and her little daughter.

Ascend Bryan's Leap, and the best point of view for seeing the house is found. Here is the scene of one of Turner's paintings, and a most beautiful vista is seen of the old house and another of the County Palatine's stately home.

We first hear of Gibside in the fourteenth century. Since then it has seen successive owners, but has lost none of its ancient glories. The oldest part of the building dates back to James I, and the north front remains exactly as it was then. There are the royal arms of King James above the principal entrance.

The old drawing-room has a wonderful fireplace, guarded at each side by figures of Sampson and Hercules. Apart from the house there are three buildings erected by George Bowes, at one time closely connected with Gibside. The banqueting hall, built on a hill nearby in Gothic style, has a large ballroom full of mirrors. From its roof the view is most extensive.

The Column, one hundred and forty feet high, crowned by a great figure of Liberty twelve feet high, is a landmark for visitors far and near. This Column cost £2,000 and took seven years to build.

The chapel, which George Bowes commenced, and which his son-in-law, the Earl of Strathmore, finished, was consecrated in 1812. It has a fine dome and a very handsome portico. Its pulpit stands in the centre of the building. Beneath it is a circular vault, in the sides of which are niches for the coffins of members of the Strathmore family. There are eleven of these niches and five are still unoccupied.

A short walk from Gibside brings the visitor to the ruined chapel of Friarside. One can almost see Friar John Side, the first hermit, friend of St. Godric of Finchale Priory, living in solitude in this lonely spot, which was given to him by the Bishop of Durham.

This place is frequently mentioned in old chronicles, as in 1312, when Bishop Killaw presented to one John de Engum the chapel of "Frerejohanside," near the Derwent.

Still the old chapel can be seen with part of the hospital attached, and it is well worth while to spare a little time to look over it, for it is historic and full of that interest which seems to hang over Durham's old places.

Six miles away is Ebchester, whose very name tells of the Romans and their occupation of the County Palatine. Vindœnorus is its Roman name, sister to

Corstopitum and Vinovius, all found along the Roman Road by Watling Street.

Ebchester just reeks with history of the past, and for scenery it is very famous. There is a venerable tradition that St. Elba, the daughter of King Ethelfrith and sister of King Oswald, established a house of nuns at Ebchester, which she called by her own name of "Ebbecestre," but like some of the convents abroad in these latter days, the gentle nuns were driven out and many killed, while the site became "a pasturage for cattle, as it is seen to this day."

Tradition and history clings fast round Ebchester. There is a church on the site of the camp belonging to the eleventh century. Outside stands a fine Roman altar, with an eagle and a sacrificial knife carved on one side. Two inscribed altars are built into the walls of the porch.

Many years have rolled away since St. Elba founded her convent in 600, but still the lure of old days is felt at Ebchester, which, combined with its fine scenery, makes it a place to be included in places worth seeing.

Here, too, is a bell-gabled church. Many of these are found in Durham county. One can fancy how their old bells sounded out in the stillness of the country, and how the rude forefathers answered their call from many surrounding hamlets.

But the tale of the Derwent cannot be told in a brief article. It is a beautiful valley, extremely so in many parts, full of striking views and gorgeous landscapes. There are those who place it before Weardale, and many who think it the vale *par excellence* of the old county. Be that as it may, it is not so much visited as it deserves. Its beauties are yet unspoilt by the pleasure party, but it does get pilgrims who tread its old ways with great delight, and who never fail to tell of Derwentdale, if so it may be called, and of all its natural glories and its heritage of past history.

# GOATHLAND

## A Trip to Yorkshire's Moorlands

Goathland, or as it was called in olden days Godeland, is at once a most beautiful and a wonderfully bracing moorland resort. Five hundred feet above the sea-level, it seems a village set on one great moor which reaches to the doors of the houses, and in the time of the heather's blooming provides a purple pathway to many a home.

The scenery strikes the visitor the moment he enters the village: magnificent views, a great expanse of open land, walks in every direction, not far away the shimmering sea, and the old flagged path through the village, to say nothing of the curling smoke which rises from many a peat fire even in summer time; it is a vision expansive and glorious, and it is little wonder that the poet wrote with full heart "Land of wide moors, of purple heather hills."

Full of history, very full, is this little Yorkshire village. All round it there are remains of important Roman camps, where antiquarians may revel amidst not only Roman treasures, but also early British and those of later years.

Right in the middle of the moor, surrounded by lovely trees and shrubs, stands the square-towered church, a joy indeed to walk to and worship in such a quiet temple set about with nature's gems. Goathland has had a church ever since 1117, and even before that it possessed a place of worship connected either with Whitby or Pickering. Henry I granted to Osmund of Godeland and his "brothers" a place in which to lodge and succour the poor for the soul of Queen Matilda and her heirs. Osmund founded his hermitage at Godeland, which he named St. Mary's, upon which site Abbot's House is built, but soon afterwards he transferred the hermitage to Whitby.

Later on Henry endowed the chapelry with land and several other privileges which were confirmed by King John, and also received the approval of the Pope of Rome.

About the time of the dissolution of the monasteries the hermitage at Whitby fell into disuse and Goathland lost its connection with that old town and abbey. In the chapelry, however, marriages took place, the first known being in 1669, while burials were allowed to take place near it, though for a time, about 1731, these licences were withdrawn, and all religious functions took place at Pickering Parish Church. The church of to-day is comparatively modern. One or two treasures are to be seen in it. The font, which is very old, and a beautiful pre-Reformation chalice bearing the date 1450. Another curious old-world association in Goathland is that its township is a manor dependent on the ancient honour of the Pickering Forest, and even in these days a Court Leet is summoned every year by the Steward of Pickering.

In 1612 the tenants in Goathland were obliged to protect for the King's use the peregrine falcon which made its nest in trees in the vicinity, Killing Scar Nab being its favourite place.

These moorlands have seen many strange sights in their time: Roman soldiers, raiders, monks and the friars. Those were the days when the dales were silent places, no motor horns, no noise of 'bus, cycle, or chars-à-bancs, nor of all the hustle which modern life has brought into the village, which, however, still retains its placid, gentle appearance. All round are farms, with their peat stacks, for they save the peat for the winter, and they burn the heather each year. The visitor can soon see the village itself, with its shops, post office, full of beautiful photos and post-cards, pretty dwellings, cottages with old-world gardens, and its rural railway station.

Then Howe Moor calls for attention with its "Killing Pits," which are really a group of round holes amidst the heather and ferns. Opinions vary greatly as to the origin of these holes. Are they old workings of ironstone days, pit dwellings, or were

they made by early Britons in order to find clay to bake in their rude vessels? Maybe this is the solution, and their name was originally "Kindling Pits."

Cleveland Dyke, too, is worth seeing. This is the spot where the last volcanic workings took place in Yorkshire, and is a most interesting excursion, especially fascinating to geologists.

Or follow the old Roman road by the Hunt House road, over Stoney Moor, and along by Stape and Mauley Cross; this ancient road which started from York, along the Egton road over the Esk to breezy Aislaby, through the Mulgrave Woods, or just as far as may be wished. It is full of interest, and is supposed to have been made in the first or second century after Christ, and was a broad highway, some say, of sixteen feet width. Along it the Roman soldier marched in all his pride. To-day visitors from every part of the world are keen to tread it.

Beck Hole attracts many visitors. It is a beautifully situated village full of lovely trees and flowers, sheltered from cold winds and rich in rural charm and delights. The many "Becks," too, are a pleasure to visit; the Ellerbeck, Darnholme, where a waterfall is seen, and rarely a day passes without an artist pitching his stool and easel down the steep bank at the river side, and Wheeldale Beck, Blawath, and Rutmoor Becks with their picturesque rocks and scenery, like the old hymnist, one feels "The half was never told."

Mallyan Spout—there is an old-world hotel called after this beautiful fall and ravine—Thomassina Foss, Water Ark, past the old Abbots' house to "The Wayside Inn," which is still looked upon as a house where witchcraft was practised, Arncliffe Woods, all are beautiful little excursions, and mostly only an easy walk.

For flora, Goathland and district is famed far and wide. Geographically, too, there is much to interest. Naturalists may revel, and sportsmen, too, but the artist certainly has the greatest opportunities, though the writer can find "copy" of rare beauty here. It is just one of those districts which make travellers exclaim, "Why need anyone go abroad with all this loveliness at home?"

# HISTORIC HEXHAM

## The Famed Delights of Tynedale

Hexham, the homestead on the Hextol, is an old hoary town situated in the midst of beautiful scenery and blest with all that Nature can give of woods, gardens, and fertile fields.

Its position, too, is wonderful, as it rises above the broad waters of the Tyne, with all the glory of its old Augustinian Priory, while the weather-beaten towers of its ancient prison and court-house just finish the picture. Hexham is the most romantic town in Northumberland, and its antiquity is very great.

In Saxon times it was a magnificent place, and it possesses one of the most picturesque market places in England, which has in it a covered market of piazzas erected by Sir Walter Calverly Blackett in 1766. Under these the weekly market is held, where the farm produce is sold, while stalls with goods of every description await customers. In summer-time there is a good deal of fruit and a great variety of vegetables, and plenty of flowers for sale.

Hexham Abbey must be seen, and some considerable time spent in it before it can be fully appreciated. It is full of beauty, history, and for antiquarians is a place of pilgrimage which is becoming each year increasingly popular.

On this site a church was built as far back as 672, by Bishop Wilfrid; later on it became an Augustinian Priory. It is a venerable structure now, and is said to form a " New text-book of the Early English period of pointed church architecture." It has suffered a good deal from many restorations, but in spite of that it remains a spot which attracts hundreds of visitors.

One of the most interesting objects in the Abbey is the Saxon chair, a " Frith-stool," which dates back to St. Wilfrid's time. It is often used now by the Bishops at Confirmations.

The rood-screen, with its rich carving, the wonderful north transept with its beautiful architecture, its tombs and broken effigies, its carvings, its stone staircase down which the choir comes in procession each Sunday, its old panels on its rood-screen depicting the " Dance of Death," whose paintings, much be-dimmed by time, still show the figures of a Cardinal, a Monk, a Bishop, and a Pope, are memorials of history.

The choir retains its Early English character; traces of Norman work appear in the mouldings of the columns. The clerestory is of a most unusual design, and is said only to have one counterpart in England, that of Romsey Abbey, in Hampshire.

Sanctuary, as at Durham Cathedral, was afforded the fugitive here, and this privilege was allowed till the reign of Henry VIII, but was abolished by James I in 1624, the " Frith-stool " already alluded to being also the Sanctuary Chair, and it is impossible to ascertain definitely what great functions it has figured in. Certainly Bishops were consecrated in Hexham Abbey, and sat in it, and more than likely some of the Northumbrian Kings used it at their coronations.

The graveyard, Campy Hill, has contributed many treasures of antiquity, including valuable bronze vessels and stycas. There are remains of the old Church of St. Mary, also built by Wilfrid, which are incorporated into the houses on the south side of the Market Place. interesting specimens of architecture being found in this part about two years ago during the demolishing of old property. The Moot Hall gives the town an impression of a strongly fortified place. It is a strongly built square edifice with a covered barbican beneath defended by two great gateway towers. The view on approaching Hexham from the station is one not easily forgotten.

The old Manor Office claims much attention. It has been in use probably since the days of Queen Elizabeth, and till 1868 was the scene of all the business connected with the Manor of Hexham. It is supposed to have

been a Roman fortress, and has many interesting features for the visitor's delight.

And for walks this town is almost unrivalled. The Swallowship Woods are very beautiful, and within a very short distance, and there is a fine golf course close at hand; the river is very attractive with its wide-spanned bridge, many a boat being rowed on the quiet waters and many an angler throwing his line.

For antiquarians Cilurnum awaits within easy reach. This is the sixth station on the Roman Wall, and is situated in the beautiful park of Chesters. It is full of Roman remains and was besides an important fort. Chester, too, is a centre of Roman antiquity; its museum is probably one of the finest in England with its collection of altars, tombs, stones, etc.

Haughton Castle, first written of in 1373, is a noteworthy place to see; Cocklaw Tower, with its ruined tower house, of about the fifteenth century; Aydon Castle, so beautifully situated beside its deep and densely wooded ravine where the little Cor Burn flows rapidly is not to be neglected, for its views are glorious.

# KESWICK

## The Loveliest Resort of Lakeland

Perhaps the most beautiful way to approach this pretty Lakeland town, the very pride of that glorious countryside, is to motor along the road from Penrith, on and on, as it were right into the heart of the great mist-tipped mountains amongst which Keswick nestles, for it is a town which is situated in one of the fairest localities in Great Britain. Bounded by Skiddaw and Saddleback, the heights of the Gables and Sca Fell loom large in the distance, Derwentwater Lake lies snugly in the bosom of the mountains; on its opposite side is the great Brandletrow Park, now owned by the National Trust, and open and free with but few restrictions. Behind Causey Pike, Red Pike, Maiden Moor rear their great heads; over Cat Bells the air blows fresh and clear. Keswick is indeed set in a mountain frame.

Once included in the old parish of Crosthwaite, which contained the whole of Derwentwater and Thirlmere, part of Bassenthwaite, many of the best-known heights, and three chapelries, the whole district is now spoken of as Keswick. Five of the outlying districts are independent parishes, and there are two parishes which include all the town, St. John's, and Crosthwaite.

To see Keswick aright one must climb up Castle Hill, and there lies a panorama of beauty scarcely to be surpassed; the whole of Derwentwater spread out, dotted here and there with tree-girt islands, while to the west Bassenthwaite lies with its beautiful vale and distant snow-capped mountain peaks.

Derwentwater, which is about three miles in length,

and nearly one and a half miles in breadth, is one of the most beautiful of the English lakes; hard by are the falls of Lodore, immortalized by Southey. In the lake there are many beautiful islands. Lord's Island, the largest, still has the remains on it of an old house belonging to the famed Radcliffe family, while another, Rampsholm, is now the property of the Greenwich Hospital, being part of the confiscated land of the ill-fated Earl of Derwentwater. St. Herbert's Isle is supposed to have been the home of the saint of that name, and there is a floating island, which emerges from the water and disappears; it is covered with vegetation and many old traditions are supposed to be connected with it.

Rowing on Derwentwater has a charm all its own, and its views are so beautiful that they must be seen to be appreciated; its sides are green with graceful overhanging trees, and on its shores boats are ready in picturesque array for the visitors' pleasure.

Friar's Crag, on the edge of the lake, is a very favourite beauty spot which has on it a memorial to Ruskin, whose name is interlinked with Keswick. The views from this point are exquisite. Photographs of Friar's Crag are known all over the world, and in many another country pictures of it are in great demand.

Keswick itself is a market town quite old and very pretty. Its weekly market is a great event. Butter, eggs, cheese, and flowers are sold by kindly dales folk in the Market Hall. Once some shambles stood at the end of the Town Hall, but they were taken down in 1615 and the present ones built. The Town Hall bears the date 1813, and was built with stones from the pleasure-house of the Derwentwaters on Lord's Island; the bell of the clock came from there, too, and bears the inscription H.D.R.O. 1001.

Through Keswick a mail coach commenced running in 1323, a forerunner surely of these days of 1928, when 'buses arrive daily from every part of the country, for in summer this little town is crowded to its utmost capacity. Its shops are vastly interesting; antiques wonderful and beautiful are largely displayed, and Ruskin pottery, buttons, etc., are a great feature,

while cedarwood articles of every description can be bought made of the sweet-smelling wood. To visit Keswick and not buy a lead pencil with one's name engraved upon it in gold letters is to have missed one of the great points of the tour.

And Crosthwaite Church claims much interest, including old St. Kentigerm, so closely associated with Robert Southey, whose tomb is to be seen. There are wonderful consecration crosses, fifteenth-century glass, a fourteenth-century font here, and a fund of old history to be revelled in. Keswick's other church—St. John's—is modern, 1838; it is a fine building with a beautiful spire. About a mile away is the famous "Druids' Circle," a place well worth a visit. It is thirty-three yards in diameter with thirty-eight rough-hewn stones, and ten other stones within; here, superstition allows a wish, and a magic peep into the future of which many do not hesitate to avail themselves.

And from Keswick trips can be made of more than ordinary beauty. For a walk—if a long one—there is the road by the Newland's Vale, over the mountain track if desired rather than by the road, to Buttermere, where Crummoch Water Lake lies dark and quiet. Here the fish "char" is caught, which is such a special delicacy of that locality.

Or to Borrowdale with its great pikes and jaws, the summit of Castle Hill which guards the entrance to this dale is supposed to have been a Roman observation station. Grange, with its picturesque bridge, which is said to have been photographed, painted, and sketched oftener than any other structure in Cumberland or Westmorland. Near Borrowdale is the great Bowder Stone, which is supposed to have fallen at some far distant time from the fells above; its weight is supposed to be 1,971 tons. There is a quaint custom of shaking hands through a hole in the stone and wishing while doing so; a ladder enables visitors to get to the top of the stone.

To Rosthwaite is another delightful walk, and maybe on to Watendlath, a lonely, but very lovely valley high up amongst the hills. Or climbers may essay Honister, and so to Buttermere, or go by Stake Pass

to Langdale. Away up at the head of Borrowdale is the wettest spot in England where the rainfall reaches one hundred and fifty inches in the year, but few wish to go there. There are sufficient varieties of climate to be found at home.

Barrow Falls are extremely fine. Lodore (already mentioned) is three and a half miles from Keswick. These are perhaps the best known of all the Lakeland waterfalls; flowing through Watendlath, the water goes over the falls at High Lodore, and then between Gowder and Shepherd's Crags, each covered in summer with beautiful green verdure; in autumn with gorgeous golds and reds; till it descends over endless rocks to the great frothy cauldron at the bottom.

And so Keswick is calling, adding its voice to the plea that more holidays may be spent in the homeland, amidst beauties which few countries can surpass, in England for which the emigrants' heart yearns, and for which the exile craves. Our England, whose charms cannot be too strongly dwelt upon, is a land "surpassing fair." And Keswick—"the pride of Cumberland"—possesses all that can make a most delightful tour, situated as it is in the very heart of that county of dales and trackless heights, of lakes and mountains, rich in history, literature, romance, and full of ancient lore and superstition, legend and tradition.

Here, indeed, the botanist may wander with his vasculum, the antiquarian and the geologist wander from Keswick in search of interest and delight. Here the artist may stand entranced, wondering which fair scene to paint. It is a centre—this fair Keswick—which leads to Lakeland's best, a pathway guarded by castle and stronghold, which all may tread, sure of a real Cumberland welcome.

# OTTERBURN AND ELSDON

## Historic Ground and Rural Beauty

Otterburn, which takes its name from the river Otter which runs placidly by, fringed by banks luxuriantly studded with trees and shrubs, is famous as the scene of the great Battle of Otterburn on August 19th, 1388, which took place by moonlight, when, during the upset and unruly state of England under the weak rule of Richard II, the Earl of Douglas marched into England, and after fighting in Durham and Newcastle when he crossed swords with that great Percy, known as Hotspur, he returned as far as Otterburn when a great battle, embodied in the poem "Chevy Chase," took place, and

> "The deed was done at the 'Otterbourne'
> About the breaking of the day,
> Earl Douglas was buried at the bracken bush,
> And the Percy led captive away."

The spot where proud Douglas fell is marked by a pointed pillar about twenty feet high on a circular pedestal; it rests on the socket of the original "Battle-Stone," and visitors know that when they stand at this point they are indeed on historic ground.

Otterburn Church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, is a place well worth a visit. It has some beautiful memorial windows and an old carved font brought from Hexham Abbey.

Below the little village is the mill, and here is a very interesting local industry going on, the weaving of woollen fabrics. Otterburn rugs, scarves, and those tweeds and stuffs which make such splendid

frocks and coats. Otterburn has held its name for this local industry for long years, and visitors who are shown over the mills realize that here is Northumberland's fabric industry, such as they may see when they visit many places in Scotland and see the tweed industries of that country.

It is a village worth seeing, especially in autumn time, or when spring paints it in vivid greens. There is a wonderful peace about it, and the poet's words are very true:

> "The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn,
> 'Tis pleasant there to be."

Otterburn Tower, once a famous old Border stronghold, must also be seen, portions of its old pele tower incorporated in the present building. It was unsuccessfully stormed many times by the Scots, one especial time being in 1388, when it was so splendidly defended that the enemy was entirely routed. In the fifteenth century Sir Robert Umfreville owned this old tower, from whom it passed into the hands of the Hall family, once one of Redesdale's most powerful clans. For many years the late Mr. Howard Pease resided at Otterburn Tower, a man whose name was closely associated with literature and the sport, and indeed the current history of Northumberland.

A mile away is the Silvernut Well, a sulphur spring which has been known for many centuries. It is hidden in a little wooded dell where flora of many rare kinds is to be found, and which in spring-time is golden with beautiful globe flowers. Before reaching the village of Otterburn there is a high and bleak fell to be crossed known as the Ottercaps, which, however, presents scenery which shows great Northumbria in her sterner aspect.

But a fairer and most rustic village is Elsdon, three miles distant from Otterburn. Sheltered by spreading hills whereon the sheep graze placidly, surrounded by miles of moorland, this is an old-world place where visitors come to linger and drink in the feeling of utter calm and restfulness which pervades the place.

Standing at the meeting-place of three small burns, it is said that it derives its name from the word "Ellesdene" or "Ellesden," meaning the valley of waters, but tradition ascribes it to Ella, a great Danish giant who once held a stronghold nearby. Certainly it is a place of great antiquity, where the weekly market and annual fair took place, and where still the old custom of "Riding the Boundary" is kept up. The "Court Leet," an ancient Saxon institution, was held here till 1828, and many old superstitions and rites prevailed till quite recent days. "Midsummer Bonfires," through which the cattle were ruthlessly driven to save them from disease, were only recently abolished on Elsdon Green. These are actually thought to have originally been connected with the worship of Baal.

"Well-worship" still takes place and gifts are thrown into the clear water.

The old cock-pit and pinfold for cattle may still be seen in the village.

Visit the old 1400 church of St. Cuthbert, whose body is supposed to have rested in it for a short time. It stands on the site of a much older building of which little now remains. Above its doorway are two old glass-slabs, serving as lintels, one with a carved dagger on it, the other showing a pair of shears.

High on a pillar are some deep scratches said to have been made by the first bowmen of Redesdale in sharpening their arrows, and other marks show that the warlike early villagers of Elsdon did indeed whet their swords on the masonry of the church. Here is an old Roman monumental tablet brought from Rochester. It commemorates "a very meritorious husband who was an inspector of the Flaminian Way."

In the north transept is Anderson's porch, full of interesting slabs with coats of arms, etc., and in the south is Hedley's porch, commemorating an ancient clan of that name. It, too, is full of ancient treasures. In the vestry are to be seen skulls of horses, showing that pagan customs in connection with horses, which were held in great veneration, once went on in the neighbourhood. Indeed the church is full of

extraordinary interest to antiquarians and historians. In the churchyard are many quaint sculptures and epitaphs.

The Parsonage, usually known as Elsdon Castle, was once an old Border Pele. It is a wonderful old place; its south front is battlemented and bears a shield on which are the Umfreville arms. A spiral staircase in the great old walls leads to the roof, where far and near the beauties of the Raylees and Monk burns lie in glorious view, especially wonderful at sunset-time. Below may be seen the haugh where the villagers practised archery for which they were so famous.

And here, too, the celebrated Mote Hills must be seen: they are two strange mounds on the east side of Elsdon burn, facing the Parsonage. Evidently they have been made into their present shape by old Celtic residents in the district out of large collections of drift due to diluvial action possibly for strongholds, or maybe for a place for tribal meetings, or the celebration of religious rites and practices. That the Romans used them for observation posts, and also as burial-places, has been amply proved by the many remains found in them bearing Roman inscriptions. They are both fortified with great earthen ramparts, their height being respectively forty feet and sixty feet. Many large and extensive remains of camps and settlements have been found in the vicinity which prove that early British tribes once inhabited the district, and that they were very numerous and powerful, and it is even thought that Elsdon may have been the Celtic capital, and these Mote Hills may have been the centres of administration and justice. None can really say what was the original position of this secluded old-world village, ancient beyond the pen of historian, one of those bits of the past which are too old to be uncovered from Time's thick wrapping, but which retain in a wonderful way the charm and atmosphere of the bygone days, that men and women of to-day feel it directly they enter the place, which casts a spell upon them made up of the mystery of the past and the moving beauty of the present.

So as the poet Chatt has it

> "Hae ye ivver been at Elsdon?—
> The world's unfinished neuk."

If not, go to it, and find amidst the trees, the heather, the gorse, and the old, old village a prospect so fair and so enchanting that words will fail to describe, and life will flow still better for the sight and the breath of its wonderful air.

# ROTHBURY

## The Lasting Charm of Rothbury

Rothbury, whose first recorded name was Rodeberia, lies in the centre of lovely Coquetdale. Swept by the pure air of the vast moorlands and green-girt hills, now tinged with ling, and soon to be purple with heather, Rothbury, from its sheltered nock in the deep gorge of the Coquet, feels no blast of wind, and as a health resort it stands supreme in all that fair district. Besides the name Rodeberia, which is taken to mean the Burgh of the Cross, from the fact that the remains of a tenth century cross were found there, another suggestion is that at one time it was known as "Roth"-bury, from the Celtic word meaning "A Cleared Spot."

Historically it is a very interesting place; the Manor of Rothbury is known to have been in the possession of the Crown for nearly one and a half centuries after the Conquest. King John granted it to the Baron of Warkworth in 1205, it reverted to Edward III in the early part of his reign, and he bestowed it upon Henry de Percy, by whose descendants it has since been owned.

The early inhabitants of the place were very wild, uncivilized, and known for their gaming, fighting, and great strength. Hunting was their delight, and venison their favourite dish.

The many raids of the Scots caused endless suffering to the inhabitants, whose losses were terrible. A book published in 1386 gives a record of some of their troubles: "Lost, an ox, 13s. 4d.; a hogge and

goat, 10s.; a cow, 10s.," and so forth; amounts not large to-day, but in those earlier times great indeed.

Nothing is now to be seen of the "Brave Castle of Rothbury"; some of the old houses remain, but the Scots destroyed most of the old town in their incursions. Here Edward I signed one of the many truces with the raiders, and King John was a visitor for some time in Rothbury and signed the town's charter during his stay.

Old books and records of the town show what a fascinating story it can tell, Thomas Doubleday, who published his charming "Songs of Coquetdale" in 1852, giving a beautiful word picture in what he calls its "Hoar Antiquity." Modern Rothbury has one long street in High Street and two shorter ones in Bridge Street and Church Street. Its aspect is stern and it is very clean and well swept. The ruins of its old inn still remain the "Three Half Moons," where visitors hear stories of the Earl of Derwentwater in 1715, after whom one of the old apartments was called. The Parish Church of All Saints is supposed to stand on the site of an old Saxon edifice; it was mostly rebuilt in 1850, but there are many venerable portions of the thirteenth century building which formerly stood here. The font holds the greatest interest for the antiquarian, for its stem once formed the lower part of a Saxon churchyard cross, the remainder of which is now preserved in the Castle in Newcastle. It is composed of red sandstone and is curiously carved on all sides; the basin of the font is dated 1664.

Whitton Tower, which is the Rectory, stands on a ridge of great Simonside, whose shadow seems to guard the town, and whose sides are beautiful at every season of the year. Its records date back to the fourteenth century, and it played its part in the defence of the town. Its vaulted basement and first floor are very fine; a piscina was found in an alcove in its walls pointing to a pre-Reformation oratory. The Rector is Lord of the Manor, who follows in the footsteps of "Wutton Roberie" of the thirteenth century.

And here, too, is Lord Armstrong's beautiful and

well-known seat, Cragside " One of England's stately homes." Standing on its hillside with views unrivalled in a county of fair prospects. The grounds and gardens are exquisite. It would seem that Nature had filled them with every glory she possessed, and there are very many who journey to this Mecca, when from ten a.m. to five p.m. visitors are permitted to explore it.

One feature must not be missed by those who care to climb up the steep hill behind Cragside, which by rocky steps leads up to the lakes which are beautifully set amidst a great fringe of trees, and rocks and boulders. Here, in autumn heather of hues undreamed of is to be seen, while in springtime the rhododendrons make a mass of glorious colours beautiful beyond words. The view from these heights is magnificent.

On the sloping hills above the town many traces of the past still remain. Old Rothbury, a circular camp, with the remains of its watch-tower, Cartington Cove, a deep recess, and a supposed underground passage to Cartington Castle, " Beggar's Rigg," Westhills, scene of another camp. Pennystones, where stones flat as pennies were found, and were often used before quoits were invented; there is no end to the story of these bracken and heather-clad hills, where the bilberry seeker toils in the August sun, and the city-dweller glories in a picnic amidst the heather.

And for walks, this Coquetdale is unrivalled: Great Tosson, two miles away with its pele tower; Burgh Hill Camp with a gorgeous view of the winding Coquet; Thropton, also two miles away, now opened out considerably by the 'bus service. That " Lyttle Tower " owned by the Radcliffes still stands at its west end, and the pretty houses and rose-filled gardens fairly win the visitor's heart.

Netherton Burn Foot holds out angling delights. Farther along the road is Hepple, full of history, ancient ruins of a pele tower, a place where many a happy hour may be passed. Harbottle must not be missed, it is a place of purple heather, its steep hills crowned by the ruins of the King Henry II castle.

Alwinton, most exquisitely situated, with its interesting church of St. Michael, under whose shade lie many generations of the Clennel family. The green foothills of the Cheviots shelter Alwinton on the north; away up their steep sides is Biddlestone Hall, which many think is the place described as "Osbaldiston" by Sir Walter Scott in "Rob Roy," for Sir Walter loved this countryside with a great affection.

Here this description of Coquetdale must end. It is a dale picturesque and beautiful beyond compare. See it in the dawning, in noonday sun, in twilight's shades, or when the moon sheds her beams over it. Rothbury and Coquetdale fulfil all that the Creator included in that word in which he expressed his finished work, "He saw that it was good."

# ROMANTIC STAINDROP

## With a Fleeting Glimpse at Winston, Gainford and Piercebridge

Staindrop is one of those ancient villages where history and romance go hand in hand. It has been the stage upon which kings, as far back as Saxon times, earls, and scions of many a noble family have played their part. And yet in this century it still preserves its quiet, peaceful aspect, unbroken now by those fairs and festivities for which Bishop Hatfield granted a Charter in 1378.

The church of Staindrop, dedicated to St. Mary, can scarcely be surpassed in interest in the old county of Durham, which contains so many historic ecclesiastical buildings. Probably the first church on the site was a pre-Conquest one which, however, underwent restorations and transformations, until it was almost entirely rebuilt by the Earl of Westmorland in 1412.

Nowadays it is a church of effigies, of tombs, peopled as it were with dead Nevilles to whom the great house of Raby adjoining belonged. Here is the magnificent tomb of Ralph, the first Earl, and his two countesses, and the effigy of a lady beside whom a small figure—now headless, is kneeling. Her dress tells of the days of the thirteenth century. There are also effigies of stately ladies, and of a boy garbed in fourteenth century attire.

The font is made of Teesdale marble, and there is to be seen the only pre-Reformation chancel screen which exists in the county. The windows once displayed some glorious stained glass, but only a few fragments now remain.

The tower contains six bells, one of which bears the date 1683, and the inscription, "Deo Gloria in Excelsis." It is a place where antiquarians revel, and it lures many visitors from all parts of the world, but its restfulness seems always undisturbed.

Only a few days ago a large party of mothers from a busy city parish visited the ancient church and greatly enjoyed evensong within its old walls, which pleasure was enhanced when the Vicar, noticing so many present, announced a hymn in which all joined.

Staindrop is just one of those spots where a peaceful and yet delightful excursion may be spent, for not only is the old-world place full of charm, but overshadowing it is Raby Castle, a place full of wonder and charm, known in history since the days of King Canute, who had a royal residence at Staindrop.

Raby has been honoured by many a royal visitor, including James I, of whom the story is told that when the Lord of Raby, Sir Henry Vane, spoke of his castle as "a mere hillock of stone," remarked, "C'a ye that a hillock of stone? By my faith, I have not one such in my dominions."

To the Bishops of Durham King Canute is said to have given Raby, and from them the Earls of Westmorland had rented it at £4 a year and a buck. But the Bishops lost it ultimately, and it became the property of Sir Harry Vane, whose grandson was created Lord Barnard.

Subsequent titles of the Earl of Darlington and Duke of Cleveland having died out, the heir of an older branch, by whom the title of Lord Barnard alone was held, came into possession on the death of the last Duke of Cleveland.

Now Lord Barnard, descendant of Milton, and a long great line of ancestors, rules over the pleasant lands of Raby, and all those beautiful whitewashed farms and houses, with their fields and meadows all white-gated, and most wonderfully kept.

The present Raby Castle was built in 1370 by John, Lord Neville. It encloses two vast courtyards of immense size. Inigo Jones altered and redecorated the front, but otherwise the Castle is a perfect specimen of its style, and by far Durham's finest "stately home."

The park which surrounds it is sweeping indeed; red deer still live in it, those famous red, north-country deer. Enter the Neville Tower and one passes through a vaulted tunnel seventy feet long, and here is the old paved courtyard. It is possible even—so great is its

size—to drive through the great hall and into the carriage-drive beyond.

Here is the famous Baron's Hall, where in old days great balls were held, and attended by seven hundred retainers all at one time. Here, too, is the great servants' hall, probably once a monastic refectory. It is truly a grey battlemented, turreted castle, set in very fair surroundings—just one of those outstanding glories of England which are her heritage and pride.

It has seen struggles between King and Parliament and been twice besieged, but still it stands, the pride of the whole County Palatine.

There are many beautiful spots to visit near Staindrop. Winston, only two miles away, has a most beautiful river attraction. It is a sweet countryside spot, where flowers and fields lie smiling to the sun, and it, too, has a fine historic church.

An old and picturesque Jacobean house, Westholme, is but half a mile away, with its bright red roofs and mullioned windows. It has a story interwoven with that of the Bowes of Streatlam, who held so important a position in early days in those districts.

Farther away are Gainford and Piercebridge. Gainford is a village of perfect scenery, immortalized by Scott in "Rokeby," where he speaks of the "Dance on Gainford Green," and Piercebridge with its riverside beauty and its well-known old inn.

Just Durham's fairest daughters, these old-world country places, beauty spots of a county which holds more of nature's handiwork than many know of. A county which artists have painted, and poets sung of, but one whose wonders, for some unknown reason, seem to have been rather overlooked, or forgotten; a county which is often thought of by those who do not know it, as coaly and smoky, but which in truth is a very beautiful and a most illustrious one.

# STANHOPE

## "Weardale's Fair Capital"

Stanhope has been well called the "Capital of Weardale." Situated at the terminus of the Wear Valley Branch of the railway, six hundred feet above sea-level, this quaint little town, so quiet, so picturesque, and so old, is a place which has in it all the charm of antiquity, natural beauty, history, and romance. It savours of the dales, and its air is full of the pure fresh breezes from the wind-swept moors. Its name, too, is very interesting, as it embodies one of the numerous "Hopes" which abound in the district, which take their names from the old Celtic word "kaup," meaning "a slope," or a cleft in a hillside down which a river runs. Indeed, the beautiful winding Wear has its source in a confluence of the "Hopes," Burnhope, Killhope, and Wellhope.

Stanhope has great associations with the past; in the days of the Venerable Bede its castle was renowned throughout the county, and in the time of the good Bishop Beck, 1283, there was evidently an old fortress almost on the site of the present castle, for he granted land to the amount of one acre with a "haugh" on the west side of the Castle of Stanhope. Now a comparatively modern castle stands on the old site on the north bank of the Wear, built by Cuthbert Rippin in 1798. It is now the property of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, its most striking feature being its embattled entrance from the old market place, for Stanhope boasts of a fine old market place with a cross in it made of local rock limestone. It takes the place of an ancient cross

dated 1600, which may have been of an even older date. On the first step of the cross these words are cut:

"Market granted 1600.
Cross restored 1871."

In olden days a weekly market was held here, and doubtless the dales-folk came from far and near with their produce, and it would be well worth buying butter and eggs from the heart of Weardale. The right to hold this function was granted to the town by the great Cardinal Langley, who also permitted a fair to take place twice a year. Later, this same Cardinal became the Bishop of Durham.

Stanhope Church, dedicated to St. Thomas, is a very old and interesting building. Its entrance-arch is of Norman design, and the visitor who is interested in architecture can spend a long time amidst its varied styles and periods. It has a fine twelfth century tower and some very striking arcades, while specimens of the Transitional period and Early English are to be seen, also some beautiful stained-glass windows. Several square panels are left which have evidently belonged to a series of representations of the prophets. In the churchyard many old grave covers are preserved belonging to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

The Rectory is a famous building. In 1607 an old priest's house stood on the same spot. This was rebuilt in 1821 by the then Rector of Stanhope. The view from its garden is so fine that the great Bishop Lightfoot said of it: "It is a beautiful villa on the Wear in my Northern Diocese." And in this fine situation a Rector of Stanhope in 1725 wrote a book which is one of the greatest works of English Theology, namely, "The Analogy of Religion," by Joseph Butler. He was a remarkable man, and in 1750 was consecrated Bishop of Durham. Unfortunately he only lived to reign as such for two years. His picture is to be seen in the large drawing-room at the Bishop's Castle at Bishop Auckland among the old paintings of bygone prelates of the ancient See. In those days the living of Stanhope was a rich one, and was estimated at £8,000 a year. The neighbourhood has always been associated with the Bishops of Durham, for here, in olden days, the Prince

Bishop had his deer hunting, and came with his train many a fine morning to hunt.

A little farther up the dale is Stanhope Park, where the antiquary Leyland says "was a large space in 1534, and measured twelve to fourteen miles in compass." This is historic ground, for here Edward V and his army encamped during their march against the Scots, and it was more than once the scene of a skirmish during some Border incursions.

There are wonderful caves in the hillsides round Stanhope which are well worth exploring, for in them have been found many fossil bones, and remains of animals, some of which go to prove that at one time wolves were roaming these dales.

And if the old town is so full of interest, what of the surrounding country with its endless lovely walks, turn whichever way one will? Take the footpath up the river-side to Eastgate past the old Roman bridge, where the Sanatorium comes into view, skirt the whinstone quarries, and pass three babbling waterfalls known as Eastgate Lynn, over the site of an old Roman Camp. Historic ground this too, reminiscent of the Roman occupation, and later of Border raids. Or walk to Rookhope, a good five miles away; but what are five miles when the air has a tang of the moorland in it, and the hint of the fresh sweet country? Get away over the high hill Bewley Top, and then stand a moment and gaze over lovely Weardale. The view there is beautiful beyond description. Or spend a sunny morning in Stanhope Dene, amidst sheltered scenery and Nature's beauties; or maybe, wishing to wander farther, go on to Shield Hurst, past the famous Heathery Burn Cave and Stanhope Burn, where once an old lead smelting mill stood.

Edmondbyers, Blanchland, are calling, too, a good seven miles to the first, over the spreading moors. The air is like a draught of cold water. Go on another mile, past the Stanhope and Tyne mineral railway, made in 1832, to convey the lead from Stanhope to Newcastle. There, too, is seen the famous quarry where a forest of fossil trees was unearthed, some of them of enormous size. One is preserved in Newcastle Museum.

Linkirk Cave is found about a mile distant. Its glen is gorgeous, and in the surrounding caves formed by Nature the ancient Britons probably lived. Moorland walks abound—to Collier Law, an eminence so high that a wonderful view is obtained to St. John's Chapel, and many other enjoyable and pretty places. To take these tramps when the heather is out is a feast for both eye and soul. Motorists can, of course, go much farther afield, and taking Stanhope for a centre may penetrate to the very heart of Weardale. One drive which must never be forgotten—to the head water of the Derwent, where they will reach an altitude of two thousand feet, but the road is good.

So in this little Weardale town, a glorious holiday may be spent. Historians, anglers, antiquaries, naturalists, and those in search of health, young and old, may find interest and pleasure, for Stanhope stands for all that is beautiful, and is the gateway to Weardale's best. It is truly one of Durham's fairest daughters set in surroundings of a wonderfully beautiful description, and blessed with health-giving and restoring properties.

# TEESDALE AND BARNARD CASTLE

THERE is a great deal of discussion going on at present as to the necessity for British money being kept in Britain and circulated in these hard pressed islands at present under such an industrial and social depression. At holiday time much of it might with advantage be spent at home.

A society has already been formed whose initials are "T. B. H.," which, being interpreted, mean "Take British Holidays," and it is hoped that in every county of England where beauty spots abound, some pen will pick out a few and bring them before the public.

Thus can we demonstrate the fact that there is no need to take long journeys to fatigue and spend oneself in the pursuit of beauty, rest, and peace, for they lie at home in all their glory, those haunts "far from the madding crowd," English holiday resorts, equal—aye, more than that—to any foreign place.

And Yorkshire, with its dales, its rocky coasts, and its rugged, wonderful scenery, what county can surpass it, what pen or brush describe or paint it? Nevertheless a few of its most beautiful centres are to make up a series of short accounts which may perhaps induce some holiday-makers to turn to visit this great county in preference to lands afar.

As one of the most perfect of all the Yorkshire dales, Teesdale stands pre-eminent, Teesdale of which the poet wrote:

> "I stood tip-toe upon a little hill. . . .
> The air was cooling—and so very still."

Could anything describe Teesdale more aptly than these words of Keats? Teesdale, where a holiday may be spent with Nature in all her loveliest surroundings, amidst village, moorland, mountain, river and stream, far from the noises of the world and the rush of busy life.

Easy of access, too, is Teesdale, whether one starts from Darlington or commences from Barnard Castle, full of comfortable accommodation in the way of hotels, houses, cottages, rose-covered and rustic, small village inns, and moorland farms, there is room for many, and a hearty welcome, and a real effort to make visitors comfortable and happy.

Of its scenery many a great pen has written. Sir Walter Scott has immortalized part. Many an artist's brush has produced its beauties for weary town-dwellers to revel in, and it is said that more than one master-musician has drawn inspiration from the music of its waters, and given to the world an echo of their song.

Such scenery, wild spots amidst rugged fells, waterfalls with their rocks and cascades, their foamy, sunlit water, and their steep, gorse-clad hills. The Tees—a thing of many moods and manners, sometimes in placid calm, sometimes a winding stream pensive and alluring, sometimes a rushing, noisy, turbulent river dashing its spray in every direction, and thundering in its mighty torrent, it is a fascinating and a romantic river whose beauties can never be fully described.

Here in this dale pleasures without end await the holiday-maker. Walking, aye, walking becomes a wonderful joy in the clear sweet air with the wind of the dale blowing fresh and free, bringing with it a breath of the elixir of life.

Fishing—for the river abounds in silver trout—and golfing, which is good, is at the command of all; riding, driving, or just sitting still by the streamlet. These are the charms of the dale, for here reign peace and quiet. Earth's noises seem stilled, and instead the sounds of the country are heard, the song of the birds, the rustling of the leaves, the humming of the bee, maybe the soft lowing of a cow, or the echo of

a church bell ringing. Just the whispers of nature as she speaks in her own language to her tired children.

No holiday in Teesdale would be complete without a visit to Barnard Castle, so beautiful as it towers above the river banks, reflected in its depths.

Built in the twelfth century by Bernard Baliol, the Castle stands on land which William Rufus gave to that nobleman. It has seen many owners, belonging to the great Neville family before it became a possession of the Crown. Now it is in ruins, but the great tower, "Baliol's Tower," still stands fifty feet high, and a hundred and fifty feet above the river, and the other, "Brackenbury's Tower," once used as a dungeon, still stands. Could it but speak what tales of human misery could it unfold.

Middleton-in-Teesdale, too, is well worth a visit. It is an old, old town, and a splendid centre for visitors to the dale, while it is, as it were, the gateway to High Force, that famous cascade, the very pride of Teesdale, with its torrent of water, its wild grandeur, and its amazing and arresting beauty. Farther on is the wildness of Cauldron Snout, where the river seems wellnigh mad as it roars and seethes in its frothy glory.

All about are walks, excursions, with views, surroundings and ways unrivalled anywhere for natural beauty; scenes which those who visit them will never forget; memories which will come back when the holidays are over, and the dale is left behind; dreams of serenity and peace which will cheer and refresh when the leaves of the trees have fallen and the birds' song has ceased at last.

Far more is to be seen than one brief description can portray. Rokeby, the Dairy Bridge, old Egglestone Abbey, Bowes, nay, beauty spots are legion, and history and romance is interwoven with them, the pity is that so many travellers do not know them.

Far-famed indeed they are, these Teesdale glories, for even our great Lord Macaulay, home-sick in Italy, writes in his "Jacobite's Epitaph," "I pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees," and Sir Walter Scott was quite as devoted to the dale, while Dickens knew it well, and left his testimony to it—"Nicholas Nickleby."

# TYNEMOUTH

## Hoary and Historic

Old-world and beautiful, Tynemouth in a way recalls St. Andrew's, Scotland's grey St. Rule's. Situated, as its name suggests, at the mouth of the busy Tyne, which, however, is not always ship-laden, but has been seen at play also in some of the beauty spots of this book. Standing sentinel as if guarding the mouth of the river, is the monument erected to that great Northumbrian hero, Collingwood of Trafalgar fame, while, as a background to the picture, is the ruined Priory, the lighthouse, and the barracks. It is believed that the Romans had a camp on this site which was dependent on the station at Wallsend, and nothing is more probable, since the position is one of unique strength, three sides guarded by the sea, and the fourth admitting of great defences. A Roman altar was found here in 1783, whose inscription suggested that the camp was garrisoned by the 4th Cohort of the Legions.

And Tynemouth Castle, the remains of which have been incorporated into the barracks—here is a massive ancient gateway which testifies to the great strength of the place. Formerly it was defended by a portcullis and a drawbridge. Underneath are two gloomy dungeons. Probably this fortress was made for the protection of the monastery adjacent. It was held by the Earls of Northumberland, and records of it are to be seen dating back to the days of the Conquest. In the fourteenth century it was vested in the Prior and Convent. Its history is a stirring one. By 1681 the castle was in a ruined condition, and was replaced by Clifford's Fort at North Shields, but it is still

in various parts in use, though now only incorporated into the Tynemouth Barracks.

The ruins, which crown the high cliffs which overlook the Tyne, are a landmark to the sailor, and the pride of Northumberland. The old Priory dedicated to St. Mary and St. Oswyn carries the mind back to the days of Edwin, the first Christian King of Northumberland, who built here a wooden chapel where his daughter Rosella took the veil. King Oswald replaced this building with a stone one in 640; here King Oswyn's body was brought for burial in the Oratory in 651, and in 792 Osric, King of Northumberland, was buried at Tynemouth. Devastations, plunderings and fires all ravaged this Priory. The nuns of St. Hilda from Hartlepool took refuge in it when their own convent was destroyed.

Deserted and in a ruined state, it was given by the Earl of Northumberland to the monks of Jarrow in 1075, and so on throughout the years till in 1539 the monastery was surrendered to the Crown by the last Prior of Tynemouth, Robert Blakeney. The monastic buildings were destroyed, only the Prior's house and the church being preserved; the latter was used for divine service till 1668, when the new church (Christ Church) was completed.

A visit to these ruins is well worth while. Some of the architecture is very beautiful, especially the chancel walls in each of which are some lancet windows, and many highly interesting relics may be seen, and a walk taken round the old graveyard where many curious epitaphs and inscriptions may be read. Turner, Richardson and Carmichael have all painted these beautiful ruins, and they have been the subject of many a splendid poem.

But there is romance in this old spot which brings untold delight to those who wander round it and try to bring to life again scenes of bygone days. There is a fund of legend and tradition here to charm the writer's pen, a treasury of England's old story worth dipping into. The lighthouse, one hundred and twenty-eight feet above the sea, standing on a great promontory, should be visited if only for its magnificent views.

In this promontory are two romantic caves, the "Paddies" Cave and the "Cats" Cave. Many are to be found, but through a subsidence in 1886 the most famous Tynemouth cave—"Jingling Geordie's Hole"—disappeared. It was certainly a remnant of Roman times, and legend says a mysterious person lived in it later from whom it took its name, maybe a wrecker, or some smuggler, history does not relate.

Tynemouth Pier is one of the finest in England; it is half a mile in length, and from the end of it a most delightful view of the ruins and old town may be seen. To the south of the pier Prior's Haven, again a spot where romance lies hidden, where it is said a Lord of Delaval fought a ravaging Danish chief.

The Spanish Battery is worth seeing; below it lie those dangerous rocks, The Black Middens, on which so many ships have foundered, amongst others, the vessel, it is said, which was bringing King William III to England in 1688.

Front Street, Tynemouth, possesses a house, No. 57, which is a shrine to those who love books, for in it Harriet Martineau lived for five years, 1840 to 1845, and many beautiful descriptions of Tynemouth creep into her books which bear testimony to her love for the place.

Here are the Long Sands and the Short Sands, and on the road passing Holy Saviour's Church a broken pillar may be noted; it is surrounded by wooden railings and is known as "The Monk's Stone." It probably was to mark where the privilege of sanctuary reached from Tynemouth Priory. It, too, has a romantic story.

But there is a walk along the promenade from Tynemouth which is beautiful indeed, with all the way the sands stretching below and the waves creeping in, past great cliffs where Time has been at work, and on again till Cullercoats is reached, a most romantic little place, once an old, old fishing-village, as indeed the white rows of fishermen's cottages still show; here indeed is old Northumberland. Still, at the open doors crabs, winkles, lobsters, and all manner of fish awaits purchasers. The fishwives still wear the picturesque garb of bygone days, the blue tucked skirt, with

checked apron, and short jacket and the little bonnet; with their creels full of silvery fish they still travel to Newcastle and all the district round, those Marys, and Bessies, and Sarahs, daughters, many of them, of long generations of fisher-folk, excellent women, in truth, whose voices are heard in the streets as they cry their wares. The fishermen in their blue jerseys are to be seen busy in the little haven with nets and boats, or maybe sitting in the shelter of the Fishermen's Rest: they are real sons of Northumbria and speak in the old tongue of the Tyne. Cullercoats fisher-folk are painted by artists from every land, and in the dominions it is said that the place is known as well as London. It is almost unique, though round it now new houses have sprung up, and it possesses a beautiful church, built in 1882 by the Duke of Northumberland, which stands within sound of the sea, and is a landmark for those out at sea.

The Dove Laboratory in the haven is worth visiting, and a tea of real Northumbrian "singing hinnies" will make a fitting close to a visit to this noted old village.

So the "Old Culfre Cotes" (Dovecotes), known since Anglo-Saxon times still holds its own; Birkit Foster has given the world a picture of its charm. "Cobles at Sea" is the subject of another picture showing about ten of these Cullercoats fishermen at work on the sea. Visitors often stop to inquire about these "Cobles," and inquire where they get their names. "Aye, mine's the 'Gratitude,'" said one old fisherman; "we calls 'em after what we feel most." Pregnant sentence this for those who can see great storms, and in fancy a deliverance from that dangerous coast.

Whitley Bay—once a small village—is now a popular seaside resort, but has within it the great Convalescent Home, the Northumberland Village Homes; this place was connected with Tynemouth Priory in old days. High cliffs and rocks are found between Whitley Bay and Cullercoats, one section being the famous Table Rocks which are extremely fine formations.

On along a magnificent stretch of sands, above which

Briar Dene, and the good golf course lie, to St. Mary's Island is a delightful walk. This is a very picturesque spot cut off by the tide from the mainland, and a great resort for visitors, and the scene of many picnics. The lighthouse is very famous; it shines out now over the same dreaded rocks as did the lamps of the monks of old who inhabited this old-world isle.

# WOOLER AND COUPLAND CASTLE

## Set 'Midst the Cheviot Hills

Wooler, the capital of the hills, is a peaceful little town charmingly situated high above Wooler water. Its air is wonderful, clean, fresh, a veritable sip of nectar from the everlasting hills which abound in all the region roundabout.

There is a lack of garden space to the houses which renders Wooler somewhat uncommon, but it is irregular, and in many places picturesque, and its quietude and general sleepiness make it a splendid place for a holiday, or in which to pick up after an illness.

There is a drinking-fountain in the old market place eighteen feet high, erected in 1879, it seems as a market cross. Last century Wooler was much resorted to by invalids, who came for the cure known as "goats' whey cure."

The name Wooler, of course, relates to the old wool industry which was carried on in the town, and also to the great sheep fairs which took place. Fairs for sheep and cattle still take place here, and on Thursdays the town fills up for the weekly market, when the farmers and their wives come from all the outlying districts laden with country produce, and the streets resound with merry chatter. This is the outstanding event in Wooler, and is eagerly looked forward to by the inhabitants. Sir Walter Scott was visiting at Langleyford, six miles away from Wooler, on one occasion, and wrote to his friend, William Clerk, of Edinburgh, saying: "And what the deuce are you about at Wooler? Attending the Fair? Methinks I hear you say, 'Nay, Sir, of all things in the world I am here drinking goats' milk whey.'"

The castle or tower of Wooler stood on a circular mound above the river close beside the church. It was evidently there in 1254, and though comparatively little is known of what part it played in Border history, yet it was of immense strategical importance. Now its ruins can be seen, some of the masonry of the tower, which look as if gunpowder had shattered them. Its walls had been six to eight feet thick, and its story would be an interesting one could it but be found out.

A building in Cheviot Street, known as the Old Workhouse, is evidently one of the old Bastle-houses of the Borderland.

The parish church of St. Mary occupies the site of an old thatched church which was destroyed when Wooler was burnt down in 1722; the present building dates about 1765.

But in the neighbourhood of this little quiet bracing hillside town are remains of camps, mediaeval entrenchments, cairns, etc., all telling of terrible Border frays and savage raids which always ended by burning, sacking and demolition. In this region are ruined pele towers, fortified castles and old houses, all crumbling with age, and all bringing again to mind that it is historic ground on which one stands, and that only eight miles north-west of Wooler lies Flodden Field, where the Scottish Army lay previous to the

> " Carnage drear
> Of Flodden's Field."

Here on the 9th of September, 1513, the last of the great pitched battles between England and Scotland was fought, the Earl of Surrey and James IV being the leaders of the two armies.

The battle began about four in the afternoon, and when night closed in the Scots had lost about eight thousand of their men, including their king and the very flower of their nobility, and Flodden on Milfield Plain remains for ever the celebrated spot where hundreds of the " Flowers of the Forest " were weeded away. The spot at which King James fell is now marked by a great granite monolith bearing the date of the battle and the inscription: " To the brave of both nations."

Wooler's pride is its situation; cradled by the Cheviots, centre of beautiful scenery, with history all round it.

Not more than four miles away from the little town is Coupland Castle. This is an old stronghold of remarkable strength, standing on a promontory above the River Glen and largely repaired about the year 1619, the date on the immense fireplace in the then principal room on the first floor, and which is also the well-known ghost or haunted room of the castle. Its walls are six to eight feet thick, and there is still the original corkscrew stone staircase leading up to the battlements. As a Border fortress it is highly interesting, and for history its earliest owners, the de Couplands, have a long and splendid record of doughty deeds. John de Coupland was amongst twelve English knights chosen to meet the Scottish representatives in an attempt to settle the Border disputes in 1240; another valiant John de Coupland took David II of Scotland prisoner at the Battle of Neville's Cross near Durham in 1346, for which he was created a "Knight Baronet" and had £500 a year—vast wealth in those days—settled on him, together with other honours.

Coupland Castle, after passing through various owners, is now in the possession of a citizen of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Alderman J. F. Weidner, in whose keeping all its old associations and traditions are carefully treasured, and who has done much to keep up the old aspect and dignity of this fine Border castle.

Coupland has its ghost, of that there is no doubt, a housemaid who walks in white, supposed to be the spirit of a maid who—through a broken heart—leapt from the castle battlements and was killed. Before a death in the reigning family she is said to walk, and the present owner speaks with reserve as to this apparition, and as ever, stories of her appearance are still rife.

And to return to Wooler and stay for a night at the old "Black Bull," the "Cottage," or the "Tankerville Arms," and sleeping off the shivers caused by Coupland's eerie tale, start off in the early morning

for a round of visits to antiquarian objects: the Whetting Stone, a block of sandstone where the natives sharpened their weapons in time of war; the Wishing or Pin Well—here romance has held sway for centuries up to recent times, when maidens came on May-Day and dropped in a crooked pin, wishing a wish, and sublimely unconscious that the pagans also did the same in their well-worship; the King's Chair, a formation in the hill in the form of a chair, and tradition says a king once sat in it watching a fierce battle waging down below; Kettle's Camp, a place of pot-like cavities, and all around remains which prove that the early British encamped here.

Three miles from Wooler is Doddington, at the foot of Dod Law. Only a small village now, this place has a history all its own, and also a proud record as the home of Piper Laidlaw who was one of the first of the sons of Northumbria to win the V.C. Its wonderful and ancient spring called "Dod's Well" yields seventy gallons of water a minute; it has been enclosed for some years and is surmounted by a cross. The old song of "The Bonnie Dod Well and the Yea-pointed Fern," has been allowed to fall out of use, but it is one of the most ancient of Northumbrian ditties.

The great object of interest is the ruined castle, which was once a prominent landmark, and even now, though it is surrounded by farm buildings, it commands the whole district. Built in 1384 by Sir Thomas Grey of Chillingham, it has been handed down and still remains in that family's possession. The west end is the mortuary chapel of the descendants of Sir Horace St. Paul, who had a great career of adventure in Austria, and eventually became a Knight of the Holy Roman Empire.

Below Dod Law, on the side of the hill, is Cuddy's Cove, where it is said St. Cuthbert was wont to retire when away from Holy Island.

On Dod Law are two large British camps defended by a deep ditch, with hut circles and sculptured rocks scattered about. Farther on two remarkable figures are seen cut in the sandstone.

Doddington boasts of a thirteenth century church which has been many times restored.

But the tale of this Cheviot-circled district can never be all told, unchanging it remains, the world goes on, and people visit it and pass on.

Just as the poet has it these vast spaces stay silent and lone.

> "The hills of sheep,
> And the homes of the silent vanished races."

# WITTON-LE-WEAR AND HAMSTERLEY

Witton-le-Wear or "Witchlun," as it was called in olden days, is just one of those lovely little places which hold in them gems of great interest much less known than they should be.

Only a peaceful riverside village, full of flowered gardens, pretty houses, and fields and meadows stretching far and wide, and yet possessed of features of architectural interest which are full of delight for the visitor.

Less than a mile from the village stands Witton Castle, once "Ye Royal Manor of Wichtun, with its appurtenances," which King Henry II granted to Henry de Pudsey, son of the Bishop of that name in consideration of two thousand marks of silver which that prelate paid to the King for it on condition that the King would allow the Bishop's Castles to remain in his hands.

Very soon, however, the Castle passed into the hands of the Eures, Sir Ralph Eure being given leave to embattle his house here in 1410. Again the Castle changed owners, and became the property of the Darceys, and again it belonged to the Cuthberts, the Hoppers, and finally to the Chaytor family.

Long years have coloured the old walls with the hues of time. A great fire destroyed part of it, but to-day it rears its stately head in lordly grandeur, its turrets, battlements and parapets making it one of the finest castles in a county of "stately homes." Its gateways are very fine, and so built that at the approach of

marauders they could be closed, while from above the inhabitants could attack the enemy in safety.

It is said that to students of military architecture Witton Castle is well worth a visit, while no tourist to these beautiful Wearside haunts should miss this old building, which boasts also a keep turreted at all corners, which reminds one very much of Brancepeth Castle, also one of Durham's historic homes.

On the parapet of the south-east turret two old figures clad in armour stand as if on guard. It is interesting to find that similar figures were once found on the turrets of Hilton and Alnwick Castles and on the walls of York and Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

There is a quaint custom still in vogue at Witton Castle, for the farmers still pay a sort of tax to the owner for the right to drive their cattle into the bailey in times of invasion or raid.

Witton-le-Wear and the name of Chaytor are well-nigh inseparable. Some twenty years ago dwellers in Etherley Lane, Bishop Auckland, would see, as regular as clockwork, old Mr. Chaytor in his cloak, and Mrs. Chaytor in her handsome bonnet, driving into town in their carriage, and returning in time for tea, long before the days of 'bus and motor. Their Castle was indeed their heaven, with its beautiful old walled gardens and perfect green lawns, all part of the good old days of yore.

The church, dedicated to St. Philip and St. James, is one of the few " unrestored " churches in the county. It is a primitive, and therefore very interesting building, galleried at the west end with a Norman font, and an Early English porch. The pulpit still retains its sound-ings-board, and there is a very old Norman doorway at the south entrance. It is truly refreshing to visit an old church where no restoration has been attempted, and to try and people it again with the country folk of old days.

At Witton-le-Wear one feels that journeying may come to a halt, and the beauty of the scenery, and the quiet restfulness of the place allowed to sink into the soul, for it is almost dreamlike in its rich and moving beauty. A great writer pausing there for a brief

holiday truly said: "Passing fair, and almost dream-like, Witton-le-Wear will remain a vision of wonderful delight."

About two and a half miles away on a hill-top is the village of Hamsterley, whose air is full of health-giving properties, where fields slope ripe with golden corn, and the mushroom picker searches the pasture, and along the old hedgerows the blackberry picker toils. Rural indeed, this little hamlet, with its inn where surely ham and eggs never tasted so good, nor new milk frothed over the glass more temptingly.

Surrounded by a country churchyard, where Gray himself might have used his pen, stands the village church of St. James, which belongs to the thirteenth century but has passed through many restorations and may be rather lost in beauty by them. Old grave-covers are inserted in the walls, and there is a piscina and an aumbry. These grave-covers bear many most interesting representations of crosses, ploughs, shears, horns, hammers and pincers, and attract many visitors, who also are interested in some rough carvings of a chalice and a book, and some very fine crosses.

There are two very old monuments, one of a floriated cross, the other the broken effigy of a woman.

From Hamsterley the Castle may be visited, a large and remarkably built British camp only about one and a half miles away. One wishes the old stones, or the great mound here, could speak; their story would be well worth hearing. Great oaks and birch trees grow amidst the ruins now, but it is an ideal spot for picnics, and a place not to be missed. Near by is Shipley Moat, a great moated enclosure, no doubt once the site of a mediaeval house.

For those who wish for beauty, and that quite the most beautiful this old county can provide, Bedburn awaits, with its bridge and lapping water, its hanging trees and flora of every kind. It is down in a dale, this lovely, lonely place, where the fern grows undisturbed, bracken, parsley, sword and the more delicate kinds, where bluebells fringe the paths, and the fir cones lie on the paths.

Certainly visitors to Witton-le-Wear have the choice

of many fair places to visit, and none more fair than Bedburn.

Harperley, too, the next station to Witton-le-Wear, where trains stop when required, is very pretty, and boasts of picturesque riverside walks; indeed the whole neighbourhood abounds in loveliness.

# WHITBURN

## A Village of Trees

Nestling amidst its beautiful sheltering trees the village of Whitburn, so near to Sunderland's busy town, and yet so quiet and sequestered, may well be called "The little village by the sea," and is certainly one of "Durham's fair daughters," a spot where a holiday may be spent at once restful and full of peace, yet within reach of many beauty spots, and places well worth a visit.

By train to Sunderland, and then on by tram, 'bus, or even on foot, or by the various 'buses which now ply to and fro in every direction, Whitburn is easily reached. It is a pleasant walk from Roker, across the field-path which brings the visitor into the old Church Lane, whose trees strike the eye immediately. Trees are indeed a great feature of this village, great spreading trees, old and beautiful. There the ancient church, dedicated to St. Mary, stands, approached by a picturesque lych gate. This church was supposed to have been a prayer-station for the monks travelling between "Weremouth" — now Wearmouth — and Jarrow, but neither the date of its dedication nor any real history of it has come down to these days. It possesses a remarkable window, known as a "Vesica Piscis," the masonry of which is formed like the body of a fish.

In the churchyard, which is beautiful, there are many weatherbeaten and extremely old headstones, dating far back. This "God's Acre" was immortalized some years ago by Sir Hedworth Williamson in a poem entitled "The Northern Farmer," in which he described the life of such a man supposed to be laid

to rest in Whitburn Churchyard. The poem ends with the words, "Now he lies quietly under the cloves, Good times, and bad times, and all times got over." Here, too, is the vault of the Hedworth Williamsons, the lords of the Manor of Whitburn, whose residence, Whitburn Hall, is indeed one of England's "stately homes." The old square tower of the church, the ancient stone-seated porch, and the old stone coffin just outside of it are well worth viewing. Opposite is the large rectory, with its fine garden, and again its glorious trees.

The village green is just one of those rural beauties of which our England boasts. It is surrounded by pretty houses, and gay gardens, and in the centre of it is a granite drinking-fountain bearing the inscription —"This drinking fountain was presented to the inhabitants of Whitburn by Mrs. Barnes in commemoration of the sixtieth year of the reign of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and was erected on this site by order of the parish council of Whitburn in 1897." A long avenue of trees sheltering the houses leads to the tiny village, where there are shops, a post office, one or two hotels, and a café. There is the "Rose Joicey Convalescent Home," with its windows wide open; there, the picturesque lodge belonging to the Hall, all a picture of sweet old English rusticity.

There is a fine War Memorial, too, bearing the words "Lest We Forget," for Whitburn bore its share bravely in the Great War. A fine cricket field and plenty of opportunities for sport are attractions.

The old fishing quarter, "The Bents," is interesting. The houses are thick-walled and white-washed, and form a small colony right on to the beach. There is an old inhabitant, Mrs. Jane Young, now ninety-two, who welcomes chance visitors, and can tell many tales of old Whitburn of the past. She has seen wrecks and storms, and has sent her sons a-sailing, and now has grandsons and even great-grandsons. Her cottage has many a treasure in it, none dearer to her than a picture of good King George, dressed as a sailor-boy. The life-boat and the rocket life-saving apparatus are kept at The Bents. The fishermen tell a sad tale of this year's storms, and of last winter's dearth.

And for walks and pleasure trips there are the beautiful cliffs, where the rock scenery is wonderful and varied. Souter Point Lighthouse stands out boldly in all the glory of its clean white-wash, and visitors often enjoy an hour at it. It was built in 1875, being rendered necessary by the number of wrecks constantly occurring at this dangerous part of the coast, and it is celebrated as being the first lighthouse in England to be illuminated by electric light. It possesses one of the loudest sirens known.

A trip to the famous Marsden Rock is well worth while, and a tea of hot girdle cakes is quite the proper thing.

Marsden Rock is entirely separated from the mainland, and is distant about ninety yards from it. Like the adjacent cliffs, it is composed of magnesium limestone. It is two hundred and thirty feet long and one hundred and twenty feet in width. A large opening has been worn through the body of the rock, through which boats can pass when the tide is right, and at low tide visitors may walk through it, and, if superstitious, may wish as they do so. Here is one of the most curious hostelries in England, a house hewn out of the solid rock, a ballroom with a vaulted roof, a Devil's Chamber—from its gloominess—dining, sleeping, and concert rooms.

And then there are field walks all round Whitburn, fields where poppies blow in their gorgeous red, country lanes with hedges gay with flowers and wild roses. By land it offers these delights; by sea there is boating and bathing, its cliffs are fine, its shore undisturbed to a great extent by trippers or picnic parties. It is just a little spot, old world and quiet, the like of which is not too often found to-day.

# WARKWORTH

## Place of History and Romance

Warkworth has the charm of both river and seaside beauty; it is a place full of history; it seethes with romance.

Beautifully situated on a steep declivity almost surrounded by the river Coquet, it has played its part during the long years from Saxon times, and as "Wercewode" was one of the five villages presented to the Monastery of Lindisfarne in 737 by King Ceolwulf.

In 1174 Warkworth was burnt by William the Lion's army, and here, too, the Pretender was proclaimed king in 1715, and could the old, many-angled bridge which possesses two arches, but speak, surely its memories would be most wonderful and vastly interesting, for over it will have passed great Prince Bishops of Durham, armies, monks and friars, kings and queens, Jacobites—nay, a procession unending as the ages through which it passed.

At the south end of the bridge a small tower stands, and a gateway which defended the passage. Along a little lane, and here is the church of St. Lawrence; old, very old, and erected on the actual site of King Ceolwulf's edifice. One of his Saxon crosses is preserved in the chancel, while other relics testify to the dreadful massacre which took place in the Saxon church in 1174, when many who had taken sanctuary in it were put to death by the men of William's army.

After this destruction the present church was built, in which many beautiful specimens of architecture may be seen, beautiful Norman windows, the chancel arch

with its unique fan ornamentation, the old staircase for the ringer of the sanctus bell, the effigy of a knight, sitting cross-legged in the south aisle, supposed to be one Sir Hugh de Morwick, a curious window in the vestry, its three narrow slits suggesting that some hermit might have dwelt there and spoken through them to the world. The old porch bears many a bullet mark, and like the bridge, could tell a tale.

Walter Besant has laid one of his vivid scenes in this church, which recalls the old custom of penitents performing their penance garbed in a white sheet.

On again to the ancient market cross, where an enclosed space—called the Nova Villa—is noticed, and looking up above the beautiful river is the castle, renowned as one of Northumberland's most historic strongholds. An old description of Warkworth Castle will perhaps lure visitors to visit the grim old building and explore it for themselves, and well it will repay them for their pains; and maybe as they stand amongst its old stones and ancient walls echoes of the kings of England, John, Edward III, Henry IV, will sound again, and ghosts of past Percys and great sons and daughters of the North will rise in fancy and inhabit the once famed castle once more.

Here are the old writer's words:

"This was a Castell of renowne, its entrye at a draw-bridge over a drye mote, a prison, three towres, the Lorde's lodgeing-house, the chapelle, and the doungeon. The Castell is envyroned by the river Cockitt, and near it is situate a Towne called the borowgh of Warkworth."

Truly an account to send the writer, the poet, the historian and the antiquarian to search amidst what is left of the old glory, and to revel in this glorious heritage from the past. Our Shakespeare immortalized the glamour of Warkworth Castle when he laid part of Act II of Henry IV within its walls, in which Lady Percy is heard to speak.

So enter the present entrance, a postern gate, mark the donjon or keep, rebuilt by a son of Hotspur

about 1450, see the guard chamber, the hall, the grand staircase and the vestibule; here is the great baronial hall, the chapel with its piscina and its broad trefoiled sedilia. And the Lion Tower rivets the attention, where on a stone shelf is seen a fearsome lion, with a great mane, and a body all coloured by Time's wonderful colouring. Percy, the fourth Earl of Northumberland, built this tower, and its front bears the armorial bearings of that great family of the North. Here interesting relics may be seen, and beyond there is a small chapel, beautifully decorated. There is the old courtyard with its draw-well, and the main entrance, a strongly fortified gateway, on each side of it a heavy tower supported by many-angled buttresses: nay, Warkworth Castle must be seen to be appreciated fully, whether it be when the sun shines on its old walls, or the winter wind howls through its windows, and twilight brings fancies and dead folk into the mind. Turner loved the place, and left some marvellous pictures of it, and T. M. Richardson, too, made his canvas glow with its beauty.

Up the riverside, beautiful with trees, shrubs and mosses, and here is another of Warkworth's charms, the Hermitage, cut out of solid rock, twenty feet in height, and absolutely unique in all England. Few there are who do not know the "Ballad of the Hermit of Warkworth," by Bishop Percy. Those who do not may find in it a description of the place well worth reading, for its situation is most picturesque, hollowed as it is out of the rock, and hanging over the river with a covering of hoary trees, relics no doubt of the old wood which originally hid this abode of loneliness —and peace.

There is a cave containing three apartments, the chapel, about eighteen feet long, with its tiny altar, its niche for the crucifix, and still above it the hint of a glory. Here also the kneeling figure of a hermit is seen, seemingly from his attitude in great grief.

An inner chapel—known as the "Confessional"—is next, with a rude seat, a holy water-stoup and an aumbry; over its door is a shield bearing all the emblems of the Crucifixion. Last is the dormitory of the Hermit with its four narrow windows. His garden

has disappeared, but one can still picture the lonely man wearing out his soul in penitence and remorse, and dreaming sadly of his lost love.

But there are other visits to be paid, and the spell of romance must be cast aside. The seashore is only a pleasant walk away; its yellow sands and green-clad dunes look very inviting on a hot day, and many lunch parties and happy children enliven it during the summer days.

Morwick Hall, about a mile and a half away, is worth a visit, as is also the old mill where Besant again made many scenes in his book "Let Nothing You Dismay." Near here, on a sandstone rock, are many incised figures which are considered both rare and highly interesting.

Amble, a mile and a half away, is full of history connected with Tynemouth and its Priory. Only a window remains now, and a bit of ruined wall of the old Monastery of Amble.

Its first harbour was very old, dating back to 1300. It was greatly used by the monks of old, who were allowed to collect toll from incoming ships. There is a new harbour now, constructed at enormous cost.

Gloster Hill can interest with an old gateway, a Roman altar and an evident old Roman road.

Hauxley is a picturesque fishing village with some old cottages, and on its coast the famed Bondicar Rocks.

But time does not permit to traverse, nor space allow in which to describe all this charming district. The ubiquitous 'bus reaches it daily, trains run into it, and Warkworth village, long, steep and picturesque, is generally alive with visitors. Join them, and the Past and Present will alike enthral you.

# MOTOR TOURS

## TO LAKELAND BY 'BUS

SPRING is coming, and with it the desire for fresh air and country scenes, and certainly Newcastle, and, indeed, all its neighbours, may enjoy a delightful run out into fairer lands and all the beauties of nature, even reaching Lakeland in all its awakening beauty, in four and a half hours by a 'bus. A luxury vehicle, which is as comfortable as a private car, rolls along affording a glorious view through its large windows.

"Keswick," so ran the notice on the 'bus which, with its smart driver and conductor, started off from Marlborough Crescent at nine o'clock on a misty morning of March. The first part of the journey is well known—up the old Westgate Road, away through Heddon-on-the-Wall to Corbridge, which was just rousing up, through Hexham, where the Abbey grounds were turning greener in the spring-time, and out on to the open road, where stretching views met the eye, and all the sights of the country were to be seen—wood-cutting, ploughing, caring for stock, etc.

Haydon Bridge, sequestered and quaint, was passed, and an avenue of trees called forth much admiration. Langley Castle, standing sentinel like an old Border fortress, next came into view, the road winding alongside the river which is bordered by dark woods through which the sun peeps fitfully. Moors, covered with dried heather, hills bathed in mist, oh for a walk on that open road, and a breath of that hill-air—"Nature's own champagne" it has been called. High now indeed is the road, and it winds down so gradually that the full beauty of Staward Peel was revealed, as it were, by

bits. The view is gorgeous, trees, trees, and down below the river, lapping over a very stony bed. The 'bus hurries on again till it comes to the Post Office at Whitfield, and so on past the sweet little church with its quaint lych gate.

The fells were reached and solitude reigned; not a creature was to be seen and for the rest was the great silence. The road turning to Nenthead was soon passed, and Alston—the highest market town in England—came in sight. The landlord of the "Golden Lion" came out with a kindly welcome for the travellers, and not a few were glad to partake of some refreshment in the twenty minutes' stop.

Then we went on again to Melmerby. Hartside was to be negotiated, two thousand feet above sea-level, and no wonder the air became colder, and that on the hill-sides the icicles were still hanging and the road sprinkled with snow; but the exhilaration of that climb cannot be described, nor can the panorama which stretches far and wide. It is so wonderful that it alone is worth the excursion. An extremely steep descent is called the "Gain," because in the days of horse conveyances, passengers walked up this, while the carriages were driven a longer but easier way. The 'bus, of course, did not attempt the "Gain," but chose the safer way.

Out of the world, and into it again, was one's feeling when the heights were left, and the level reached again. Typical hill scenery this, and Melmerby is just a real Cumbrian village, with its old church and its village inn. Far ahead Cross Fell could be seen.

Langwathby, a village by the side of the River Eden noted for its splendid fishing, is very picturesque with its red bridge and its fir trees. And so away to Penrith, that "Pathway to Lakeland," which was reached at twelve-forty. A quiet red town this, with a history all its own, and one well worth investigating if time permitted. But there was no time for more than a passing glimpse, and the 'bus hurried on past the scene of a great garage fire, which had recently destroyed sixteen 'buses, past a notice "Ullswater Lake three and a half miles," over the road flaked with snow, to Stainton, old and grey, where beautiful trees were falling, and

the wood-cutter was hard at work. Mountains in the distance caused quite a stir. Veiled in mist like chiffon scarves, their sides streaked with snow, they were a most majestic sight, and one seemed to be driving right into them as the 'bus swept along. Troutbeck Hotel brought memories of John Peel, and as it was left behind, the road stretched and turned, up and down. Scenery of the most gorgeous description lay before, alongside, and behind, and that entrance into Lakeland, once seen, can never be forgotten. It is superb, and quite beyond description; it must be seen to be realized.

Threlkeld is a place where Nature seems to sit at the cottage doors, and the grandeur of the mountains shuts life in. Keswick is the very "Queen of Lakeland," the town of bridges and beauty. It is one of England's most beautiful places, and the centre of her mountain fastnesses. The little town was just waking out of its winter sleep, and beginning to make preparations for the Easter visitors, whose advent marks the season's commencement. Here were the cedar-wood shops, the Ruskin wares, the toffee, and the bannocks. 'Bus travellers alighted here with the feeling that it had been a short journey from Newcastle to this beautiful spot, and those who were staying went off with their luggage. Those who came merely for the outing hurried off to see all they could in the time allowed. About four and a half hours later the return journey began, and we were all delighted with this living picture-show which we had seen.

# TO GLASGOW BY 'BUS (WEST)

## Experiences of a Passenger

A November mist hung over the Haymarket when the Glasgow 'bus started off on its long journey which, going at a comfortable speed, takes from nine-fifteen till five-ten. The country through which it passes is very beautiful in many parts, and in others so full of romantic and historic interest: and the vehicle itself is so comfortable, complete with warm tartan rugs, and easy seats, that it is in every way a delightful outing, and one well worth taking.

There were a good many passengers the day the writer journeyed to Glasgow, and everyone was in good spirits as the 'bus ran through Gosforth, passing the tide of workers hurrying into the city, and swung away into the country where the cows and sheep were grazing, and ploughing already going on. A rural postman smiled a welcome, and a ruddy-faced farm-boy grinned at the driver, as Plessey, with its trees all browns and reds, not yet stripped of all their leaves, was passed. Morpeth was left behind not yet quite astir.

Away over the moor, carpeted with bracken, now lying as if tired in its autumn colours, the grey hills in the distance were bathed in morning mist. Weldon Bridge looked lovely in the sunshine. At Powburn a real road-mender called us " good day," and the women in the turnip fields waved their hands in friendly greetings. Here is the Bridge of Aln, and in the distance more hills, these streaked on their sides and capped with snow gleaming white in the sun. At eleven-fifteen Wooler, that grey old town, came into view, and some passengers alighted, and more got in. There

were more dogs than humans visible in Wooler that particular morning. Out of the town grand views of Northumberland are seen in every direction. Cottage gardens are gay with chrysanthemums, and frowning fir trees, and slopes of rich red soil are pleasing to the eye. Here we are on historic ground, near where the English and Scots' armies met in deadly encounter on Flodden Field many years ago, and here is a sign-post bearing the word, " Edinburgh." How these roads are safeguarded! Numerous caution boards on either side, and here and there a kindly " ruler of the road " in his smart uniform. Truly people have no need to fear in travelling by road.

Now comes the beautiful Tweed. Dignified seems the right and only word to describe it. We pass over the bridge, and Northumberland is left behind, and we are in Scotland—in fact, in Sir Walter's own countryside. Coldstream brings visions of the Coldstream Guards, and we look on the War Memorial, still bright with poppies placed there on Armistice Day. This is a typical Border town with its long, narrow street of grey buildings, clock tower, old " marriage house," and its beautiful bridge. A real Scotch voice calls up to the 'bus conductor—" Do you travel on Sundays? What time do you pass for Newcastle? " A poor man in a bath-chair asks if he and his machine could be conveyed to Newcastle for Christmas.

The scenery is well-nigh beyond description. All along is the gently flowing Tweed, which falls over stones in foamy beauty, bordered by trees and green banks with autumn tints over all. Surely " in all her moods, though beautiful in autumn, Nature is most fair."

Kelso is reached and another range of hills appears —the Eildon Hills, behind which, could one only see, fair Melrose lies, Sir Walter's beloved spot.

A halt is made at Kelso for fifteen minutes, barely enough to raid the postcard shops, and have a hurried cup of tea. Kelso's Market Place is quite a meeting-place for many 'buses, and the town is most interesting as having been the scene of many a skirmish in the days of English and Scotch animosity; while nearby,

though not exactly seen on this drive, is Floors Castle, the seat of the Duke of Roxburgh, in whose park the spot is still shown where King James I was killed by the bursting of " Mons Meg " during the bombardment of the Castle.

Earlston, with its kirk of red stone, is the next village, and the names in passing look very Scotch, such as MacDonald, Montgomery, and Donaldson. This place looks remarkably like Keswick, and so does the road as it skirts along the river-side. Lauder prompts a kindly thought for its great namesake with all his triumphs, and his troubles. Here is a very old-world clock-tower and kirk, a long straight street, and a little farther on a quaint hotel. A beautiful gorge lies on the right of the road, wild and wonderful, its sides stretching far into a deep valley, and away beyond it is a great moorland, broken only by a grim belt of trees here and there. The ride shows Scotland in its stern, majestic beauty, the line of the Soutra Hills showing in the distance.

Black Shields, vastly different from the two well-known Shields of Northumberland and Durham, is quickly passed. The old-world village of Pathhead comes into view with its beautiful Celtic Cross War Memorial, and the road turns towards Dalkeith; the air is clear and bracing here, and the view glorious.

Arthur's Seat and the Pentlands lie just ahead and the spires of Edinburgh point to the sky. Dalkeith, with its palace where the Duke of Buccleuch has his Scottish home, is next seen. Once this town had the biggest corn market in Scotland. It is now done away with, but there still remains the old Meal Market Inn, and many traces of ancient days meet the eye. Dalkeith looks so restful and quiet that it should make a good centre for visitors to this beautiful country.

Eskbank, through Gilmerton, with its huge mills and auction mart, its spreading golf course; through Murrayfield, along Parkside, and into Edinburgh at three o'clock, and, the joy of it, a drive right along Princes Street, gay indeed with its shops full of Christmas goods and beautiful things, the Castle looking very stern in the already gathering shadows.

But Edinburgh has to be left behind, Corstorphine

also, with its fine residences and pleasant outskirts. At New Bridge a splendid road is in the making; the sun is setting now like a ball of red behind the hills. The sky would furnish Turner with a subject for a picture. The road winds uphill past big quarries, to Bathgate. Airdrie, of football fame, is reached, and the first lamplighter is met. This part of the route is very pretty, passing along by a river-side and over some very picturesque bridges. Airdrie has a particularly fine War Memorial, a column on a square base.

At Coatbridge, the 'bus is lighted up, as daylight is nearly gone. The town looks prosperous, with its large ironworks, and one well supplied with excellent shops and fine buildings; indeed, it looks a typical, well-to-do Scottish place, with its church and cinema all in excellent condition and taste. On we go past hamlet and village, and then trams marked Kelvinside are seen. Glasgow is near. The 'bus comes to a stop; the journey is over, and it is ten minutes past five. Darkness has fallen; out of every building workers pour in an incessant stream; in the street beyond, the strains of bagpipes are heard, and in the air is the feeling of a great city, with all its life.

Ring down the curtain and let the passengers melt away in the shadows. Friends of a day, good-bye! Let the 'bus take its rest, Glasgow, its goal, is reached.

## TO EDINBURGH BY 'BUS (EAST)

It was a lively crowd that awaited the arrival of the sumptuous 'bus which rolled into the Haymarket on Thursday morning ready to take its load of passengers northwards. The sun shone in unwonted splendour, and on the stroke of eight the 'bus, with its smart girl conductor in her uniform of bottle-green and blue peaked cap, and its freight of men, women and children, swept out of the Haymarket on its journey of one hundred and twenty-one and a half miles to Edinburgh. There were other passengers, too, a beautiful brown setter quietly drowsing by his master's side, a most intelligent Pom (Nancy) which sat with her paws on the window-ledge and surveyed the passing scenery with well-nigh human interest; and a little farther on a tiny, silver-haired pup joined the 'bus with its doting owner.

We passed through Gosforth, crossing about half a mile farther on the bridge which carries the road right over the little river Ouseburn, which finally wanders through Newcastle's lovely Jesmond Dene, and on through Wideopen and Seaton Burn into the open country, all white and gold with harvesting. A great flight of birds passed overhead; now the 'bus had to slacken speed for a flock of sheep, and a herd of cattle. Near Blagdon, Lord Ridley's stately home, we passed many children straggling from their outlying hamlets to school, and ran into Morpeth, where more passengers joined the 'bus, which was then almost full. In the distance the blue hills of Rothbury were visible, hazy in the morning sunlight. Felton and its kennels, its old bridge and the new one practically side by side, and

old houses and flower-laden gardens were objects of interest. Here stands the Cook and Baker Arms, inviting and cheery.

Between Felton and Newton-on-the-Moor on the left-hand side, there is a stone column standing in the middle of a long belt of trees, which extend along the road for something like half a mile. This stone column was erected by Sir Wm. Davidson, owner of the Swarland estate adjacent thereto. On the stone column there are Nelson's words "England expects every man to do his duty," and at the bottom there is an inscription to the effect that this column was erected by himself and not on behalf of the nation, as it was a token of his friendship with Lord Nelson himself; and to show to what length his friendship for Lord Nelson led him, he uprooted the fine old trees in the park in front of Swarland Hall, and planted an entirely fresh lot of trees, exactly in the formation the French, Spanish and English warships occupied at the Battle of Trafalgar. These trees are there to this day.

Alnwick, full of history and romance, was reached at nine-forty, the 'bus hurrying through the beautiful old gateway Bondgate Within, to Bondgate Without, where more passengers were picked up, and others dislodged. Then on we went past the Corn Exchange and the old clock tower, round the bend in the road, where a beautiful view of the famous Alnwick Castle was obtained, the flying flag indicating that the Duke was in residence.

A view of the coast caused much interest, the day being so clear that the waves could be seen breaking in surf on the distant shore. On the other side of the road are the Wooler hills. A motor with a caravan is standing by the roadside, its occupants enjoying a morning cup of tea. Another turn in the road brought Dunstanburgh Castle into view.

Warenford, a hamlet of "rusticity and roses," seemed to breathe the spell of the country with its White Swan Inn. Here the road is nearer to the coast, which is very inviting in the brilliant sunshine. At ten-twenty the 'bus reached Belford, passing a fine church. There is a graveyard here with many ancient stones. Belford struck a note of austerity in its build-

ings, and one realized that a more northerly part of the country was being reached.

Great interest was evinced by one and all at Holy Island and the historic romantic Lindisfarne Priory and the castle on its rocky eminence, which appeared very clearly outlined against the sky.

The 'bus came to a halt at Beal, the station for Holy Island, and travellers who were waiting to go to the sands came and had a look at the twentieth century stage-coach. On we went past Haggerston Castle, stern and old, a fitting fortification against the raiders of olden days. There the distant Cheviots came into view, and the trees in the great park showed traces of their first reds, browns and golds of autumn. A sign-post indicated the road to Goswick, famous for its golf course, while a sign-post hanging outside an old inn caused much amusement, displaying as it does a large brown cat from which the wayside inn took its name.

Scremerston—of colliery fame—showed signs of life and work going on, and in the distance came a view of Berwick-on-Tweed, its roofs and spires rising sun-lit. Tweedmouth was soon reached, and there a unique sight is seen—the three bridges, all plainly visible at the same time—the old bridge of the days of King Charles, the Royal Border Bridge, opened in 1850 by Queen Victoria, and the beautiful new bridge which was formally opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in 1928, and forms another of the great links between England and Scotland. Our route was then the Kelso and Coldstream road, over the old bridge and up into ancient Berwick, not a Scotch nor an English town, but a place all on its own, so renowned that its designation in history is—"England, Scotland, and the town of Berwick-on-Tweed."

There for a quarter of an hour there was a stop, the passengers alighted, some having reached their destination. Many entered the café kept by Mr. Cairns, where coffee and refreshments are kept ready for travellers by 'bus. Many more people thronged the 'bus now *en route* for Edinburgh, and once again the journey was resumed up Castle Hill, through the old gateway, on through Berwick, which boasts now of a fine new railway station, and is full of interest.

Great excitement prevailed as two beautiful sea-planes were noticed, the sun shining on them as they sailed gracefully away—Neptune indeed in his chariot, journeying, it was surmised, from Rosyth to the south of England.

There is a post on the roadside marked "Scotland," and at eleven-twenty-seven England was left behind and the Border crossed. Close to the cliffs the road stretches, and St. Abb's Head and Coldingham were seen, and the old Border Castle of Ayton was soon passed, its great gateway looking strong enough to resist any invading foe. Harvesting was going on in earnest up there, and women in picturesque hoodies turned to look at the 'bus as it passed. There is a saw-mill with scented wood, brought, alas, from a beautiful plantation which is being quickly demolished. Hound-wood is a typical Scotch village, where the inhabitants are said to time their clocks and watches by the arrival of the Edinburgh 'bus. The roadside is hilly and bracken-covered or clad with purple heather, and many a Scotch thistle.

Cockburn Path is picturesque and rural, and great elder trees laden with purple berries lined the road in profusion. Thirty-three miles now to Edinburgh, and still the sea and the road are in close company. Beauness Lighthouse rises white and beautiful to the sky; the lighthouse-keeper was on board the 'bus and told of many a storm on that rocky coast. Twenty-six years the lighthouse has stood, he told the writer, and "you never see a lighthouse but you know it means danger and storms are about." A grim mass was next seen in the seas, the famous Bass Rock, and Dunbar is very near. An old residence is passed, once occupied by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh, and the 'bus rolls into Dunbar at the exact hour scheduled, twelve-forty-five. The air here was keen and bracing. The Barracks are occupied by a Scottish regiment, and the town itself is fine and very beautiful, to say nothing of its famous golf course. Not far from Dunbar excavations are being carried out where already Spanish silver and old Roman relics have been found.

On we went to West Barns, where North Berwick Law looms in the distance, and then on to East Linton.

On the sky-line the Lammermuir Hills looked blue and misty, recalling once more the great Sir Walter Scott. Haddington was reached at one-twenty-five. A cloth factory, old cannons and war memorial and its remarkably pretty outskirts proved to be objects of interest.

Tranent, in ancient history called "The Middle of the Earth," was next reached, and afforded a view of the Lomond Hills. Alongside the road is the beautiful Firth of Forth, skirted on the north side by the Fife-shire coast, that wonderful kingdom of Fife, famous in the history of bonnie Scotland. Names of shop-keepers become very noticeably Scottish—MacFarlane, MacTavish, MacPherson, and MacMurray. There is an old residence which was burned down by the suffragettes in their campaign for women's suffrage, its ruined walls still standing in silent protest.

Prestonpans was seen in the distance, the site of the battle being pointed out, past the Four Crossways, where stands the Half-Way House, where toll was taken in bygone days. Cresting the sloping hills is "Arthur's Seat."

Musselburgh and the trams for Edinburgh were next seen, and the 'bus hurried on, close to the wide Forth, while in the air there was a scent which told of malting in the near vicinity. Then came a view of Portobello, and soon the outskirts of modern Athens were entered. At two-fifteen the 'bus reached Edinburgh, passing as its first great object of interest the old Palace of Holy-rood, once again used at times by Royalty. The Calton Hill, the Gaol, the Observatory, and then a stop. Princes Street with its life and beauty is close at hand, with its gardens and the Scott Monument, and all the bustle of Edinburgh—and its Flower Show time. The travellers alight, glad indeed to have reached Auld Reekie, but full of delight with all they have seen, and many of them greatly astonished by the wonders of their own great Northumberland, to say nothing of the Border country and the part of Scott's land through which they have journeyed.

Said one veteran who had made the journey by both train and by sea—"If you want to realize what history and scenery, beauty and romance mean, take this journey by 'bus, and you will learn more than books

can teach you." So the one hundred and twenty-one and a half miles' journey accomplished in comfort—a beautiful journey, well worth undertaking for its wonderful views, glimpses of towns and villages, and all its varied interest, and one of the most wonderful of these journeys which were so well known in the old stage-coach days. They are now a popular feature of the social life of these latter days. "Newcastle to Edinburgh" linked by the Great North Road is covered by 'bus in just over six hours. Twice a day this journey is accomplished, eight o'clock, and four o'clock. Coming and returning, they cause much pleasure by all sorts and conditions of men, the bailies of more than one town making a journey out of sheer interest, and many a hardy Northumbrian and Scotsman travelling as never before because the 'bus passes his very door.

# TO LONDON BY THE GREAT NORTH ROAD

## A Newcastle Lady's Experience

"Newcastle and London." This was the notice writ large upon two brown 'buses which swung into Newcastle from Bedlington on Thursday morning ready for their long journey to London, that journey along the Great North Road so famous in the annals of our land.

Those who love seeing the country and are interested in life and Nature, would do well to give themselves the delight of a trip by 'bus to London by the old road over which their ancestors travelled in the stage-coach of other days, the road where no dangers lurk from highwaymen. Passengers are looked after at many points by good-natured R.A.C. and A.A. men.

It was a grey and rather like an autumnal morning when the passengers, amongst whom was the writer, took their places in the 'bus. Each passenger's seat was engaged and numbered, and all were soon ready for the start. A haze hung over the city when the 'bus rolled out of Barras Bridge as St. Thomas's clock struck eight, watched by friends of the travellers, and by a crowd of interested spectators. The route was past the Green Market, over the High Level where the river looked misty and the ships phantom-like, and the 'bus stopped for a moment in Gateshead to pick up a few more people. On we went through Birtley and through Durham county, through villages and past farms and hamlets, now catching a glimpse of the Cathedral bathed in morning mist, now passing gardens gay beyond description with Shirley poppies.

Darlington—the Quaker town—was next reached. Here the mending of the road caused a slight delay. Then on again past Scotch Corner where the country began to get flatter, and one saw fields of hay, some even uncut, some alas, piked and standing in water; Barton, old-fashioned and picturesque with its old houses, and Market Cross, then Catterick—always full of interest—whose camp is known the world over, and will be more so in days to come; Boroughbridge, where the lovely gardens attract attention with their roses, sweet peas and hollyhocks. Here on one side of the road harvesting had begun, and the corn was golden, wonderfully so considering the weather; while on the opposite side a good deal of black-looking hay stood in mournful pikes—surely an uncommon sight, hay and harvest being got in together.

Picturesque old Boroughbridge, with its garages and service stations, is very noticeable; the road is studded now with these accompaniments to motor traffic, instead of the post houses where horses were changed in stage-coach days. Wetherby's narrow streets and quaint old houses call for comment. Here the cornfields grow browner and richer looking, and there is less hay out. On to Abbeford, where a beautiful old abbey stands facing the road, a place one would fain explore, hoary and full of historic interest, and betraying part of its story by its very name.

The road now passes over a spreading common where heather is purpling, and graceful bracken sways in the wind. Castleford, a small village, is passed and a glimpse of the winding river caught. Robin Hood's Well arouses interest as the 'bus sweeps past it, and then after a long run through country lanes, Doncaster is reached, and the 'bus draws up at the Danum Hotel, where the passengers alight for an hour for lunch. 'Buses from many parts have dislodged their passengers —Aberdeen, Pitlochry, Edinburgh, Windermere, Keswick—and the hotel is alive with business, for there is only an hour to spare, twelve-thirty to one-thirty.

The country there is very flat. The corn is golden, and a good deal of it is standing in stooks. Next

comes Bawtry, where a stop is made for filling up, and both 'buses have to wait their turn. Barnby Moor is passed and Retford is reached. It is a well-kept town, with a beautiful cemetery. Its church has a fine spire. Curious names occur as one notices the shops in passing. The buildings take on a still deeper yellow. Windmills are seen, some with their sails working, and one feels instinctively that the North is left behind.

Newark, full of history and romance, with its famous castle and gateway comes next, a place linked up with King John and the twelfth century. Another feature now strikes the eye, the numberless old inn signs—"Royal Oaks," "Bells," "Boldfaced Deer," etc., etc.; all a reminder of olden days. The roadsides are gay with poppies, and the hedge-rows full of meadow-sweet. Sheep and cattle eat the grass, and overhead the birds sing out. It is a wonderful journey to those who have eyes to see.

Grantham is reached about a quarter to four. It is closing day in the town, but the Angel Inn, the oldest hostelry in England, has a welcome as the 'bus draws up. This old inn has received royalty many a time and has been known to travellers on the Great North Road for seven hundred years. It is entered through a fourteenth-century gateway, and if its old-world walls could speak, "they could a tale unfold." Here a real country tea is ready for the travellers, who purchase post-cards and roam round the old houses and Market Place, viewing with great interest the Market Cross and the ancient pump and clock tower.

The 'bus takes the road again at four-thirty, endless churches—and England may well be proud of her beautiful "Houses of God"—are passed, one old church standing in the middle of a farm-yard. Lovely peeps of river are obtained, and a sign-post causes great joy which has upon it the magic word "London."

But not yet is that goal in sight. Stamford, a picturesque old place is passed. Its church is wonderful, and its houses fascinating. So is the mile-stone which says "London, 89½ miles." Here is a gateway with wonderful wrought-iron gates and a park wherein

are deer, horses and cattle. War memorials have been seen in great numbers all along the route, and there are still many more as the 'bus journeys on. They remind one vividly that all this beauty of nature, and the heritage of the past have been secured for us by those gallant ones "In Flanders fields asleep." Eighty-three and a half miles to London! Excitement is growing, for limbs get stiff and night is coming on. Norman Cross, so called because a beautiful cross stands alone on the roadside.

Allonbery and Buckden are quickly passed. Then a quaint twelfth-century hotel, "The White Horse"; then comes Biggleswade, where the phloxes are gay beyond description, and on to old-world Baldock. Then another stop, and at Welwyn tea-gardens the driver calls: "Stretch yourselves and have some ice cream; ten minutes, no more!"

A cheer goes up from the onlookers as the 'bus leaves en route for Hatfield, past the Salisbury statue, Brookman's Park, and Potters' Bar, a place much remembered in the story of Zepp raids as being the spot where the first of these machines came down. Then into New Barnet, beautiful and full of shops, past its many grey and white churches, into Finchley and Highgate, made famous by John Gilpin. It is busy now as then, but with motors of every kind. We go through lighted streets and busy thoroughfares, till with a sweep the last corner is turned, and the 'bus comes to a stop at King's Cross Station.

London town is reached; the journey finished, with never a mishap, and never a complaint from anyone. Quickly the passengers alight, good nights are said, for it is just a quarter to nine, and those who have journeyed this August day from the north to the south of England disperse by train, 'bus, tube, or tram, probably never to meet again, but one and all are full of delight at their most enjoyable journey, and all exclaiming that they had never imagined England was so beautiful. It was an experience never to be forgotten, and one well calculated to arouse feelings, always strong in the British heart, of pride in and love for our wondrous Mother Land.

# THE NEW COAST ROAD

## Newcastle to Tynemouth

A fine sunny morning, a comfortable red-leathered 'bus with the name "Tynemouth" writ large on it, and a drive down to Tynemouth to see the sights of the new Coast Road was quite an enjoyable outing, and one full of interest, and indeed, surprise, for there are wonders on that fine new road, and it takes one past things both historic and ancient.

The start from the Haymarket, through Barras Bridge, along Jesmond Road, away past the War Memorial Church, the popular little "Playhouse," down the hill where such a beautiful bit of the world-famed Jesmond Dene is seen, up again to High Heaton where St. Gabriel's Church stands on the hill-top, its beautiful tower outlined against the sky. All this bit of the route is well-known; it is at Chillingham Road that the new Coast Road stretches out wide and fine, only half yet what it will be when it is a double road divided by a row of trees, with its traffic up and down keeping on its own side—right to the coast, left to Newcastle. It is indeed a great wide thoroughfare and reminds one forcibly of the new road being made on the Glasgow route and other places, for the wonderful increase of road transit makes new roads absolutely necessary.

Benton Hall, on the left, dark and old, is passed as the 'bus hurries along. Here is the new bridge—a wonder of present-day engineering which was brought to its place almost complete, and was erected and finished in twenty-four hours. Just under this bridge the worst flooding of the road in the recent storms occurred, when four feet six inches of water was registered, and the route had to be temporarily diverted. Now it has

been found that the drains from the adjoining fields are too small, and larger ones are being put in, so that it is unlikely this flooding will recur. Bigges Main and the High Farm Estate, where the scenery is really country and ploughing is going on, and the birds are already singing in the "month of awakening."

On past a large hospital, near by Holy Cross, with its old memories and the tale of the ghost scare which happened recently and which has never been satisfactorily settled. If one could only go a little farther down the lane to Holy Cross, the old ruined chapel would be worth seeing, but the 'bus goes on to Willington Square, and houses and streets are passed. On the side of the road are lying hundreds of lines, exactly like tram lines; they have been used for carrying purposes during the making of the road, as evidenced by many little trucks which are to be seen.

Here is the first of the beautiful white bridges belonging to the L.N.E.R., and here, indeed, the wonders of transit may be seen, for, as the 'bus passed under it, the "Flying Scotchman" dashed over it; on its way to Edinburgh and close by a tram passed along on a side line—three means of transport at one spot. In the distance Percy Main could be seen, and then came Chirton Hill-top farm. The 'bus does not reach the little village, but it goes near enough to make a thought of it worth while, for here the great Admiral, Lord Collingwood, resided, at the now ruined Chirton House. Here, too, Dobson, the celebrated local architect, was born at the Pine Apple Inn in 1787, while Ralph Waters, whose famous paintings of the Sandhill, in safe keeping in the Black Gate now, belonged to Chirton, and here also, in the reign of William III a Duke of Argyll lived for many years.

But these are passing memories, for now the 'bus has come to Billy Mill, where the old black windmill stands idle now, its sails all gone, just a monument of the days when the sound of the grinding was heard. Near is Ye Old Cannon Inn, another ancient landmark. On still a little farther and here is Lynn Villas and the end of the new road, and it emerges into the old way again through part of North Shields, past

the Preston War Memorial, the Aged Miners' Homes, bearing these beautiful words, "Light at eventide," past the fine Secondary Schools, the cemetery, to a corner where so many roads meet that an island has been made like those in London, which at night is lighted with a red and white light, football ground and golf course, the Northumberland Park with its war relics of cannon, past Holy Saviour's Church, where in the ancient churchyard the grave marked M.M. shows the resting-place of the murdered Molly Marshall because of her sweetheart's jealousy; past the Victoria statue and the Tynemouth Roll of Honour, down the wide, old street, and the 'bus comes to a stop opposite to the castle, Tynemouth's pride, and passengers alight and make their way up to the glorious ruins, which in their way equal old St. Andrew's and hoary Whitby, while the 'bus starts off again on its homeward journey, returning again and again, for it is a half-hour's service, and visitors can go home any time when they have taken their fill of the air with the tang of the sea in it, and enjoyed the romance and wonder of Old Tynemouth, so intimately connected with the history of Northumberland, both religious and secular, so famous in song and story, and the subject of so many masterpieces of that great lover of this Northumberland—Turner.

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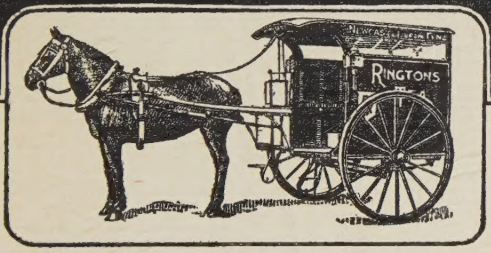


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